

LIFE

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20 CENTS

JANUARY 8, 1951

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There's Magic in the Air in the World's Most Modern Cars



Photography by Sarra

WHEN THE TEMPERATURE drops to zero and the frozen wind whips down from the Pole—that's the time to step into a new 1951 Nash Airflyte and thrill to the comfort of the Weather Eye. Front seat and rear are flooded with fresh, warm air—*automatically*. You can ride through a blizzard without coat or gloves, feel no drafts, see no fogging of windows. You can smoke—and the smoke *disappears*! There's magic in the air—and everywhere! You're enjoying the world's most modern heating and ventilating system—in the world's most modern car.

It's exclusive with Nash—as are a host of other important driving features. So . . . *before you decide, take an Airflyte ride—in the world's most modern car.*



Safest, most efficient of all heating and ventilating systems, the Weather Eye takes the cleanest outside air from above the hood, filters, warms and pressurizes it.



Airflyte Construction is why no other car rides and drives like Nash. Body-and-frame are welded into one double-rigid, rattle-free, squeak-free unit. Stays new longer.



Loads unlimited! You've never seen such space for passengers and their luggage. Here's a front seat that's four men wide. And the most usable luggage space in any car.



Dream away the miles, while your companion drives. The Airliner Reclining Seat leans back, at lever touch, to the position you like best. Twin Beds, too.



The sky-flow beauty of best aerodynamic design hushes wind-noise, boosts economy. Over 25 miles to a gallon in the Statesman, at average highway speed.



Secret of reliable power in zero weather is exclusive Nash sealed-in manifold. And what power! An Ambassador was timed officially at 95.3 m.p.h. for 712 miles.

*Before You Decide, Take an Airflyte Ride
in the World's Most Modern Car*

1951 Nash
Airflyte

THE AMBASSADOR • THE STATESMAN • THE RAMBLER
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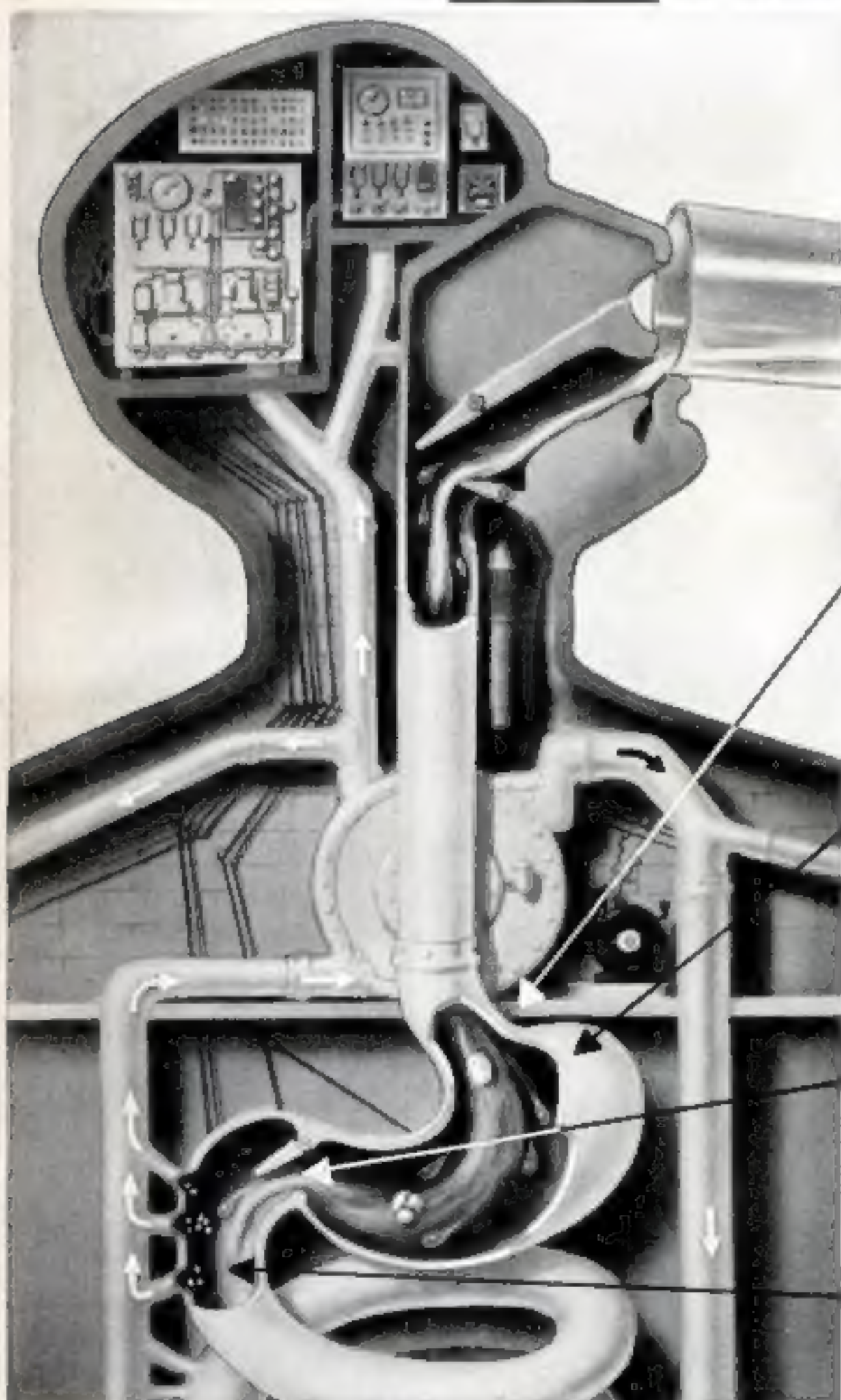
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*Acts twice as fast as aspirin!
Doesn't disagree with you!*

Here's how Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin



1 Bufferin or aspirin tablet enters stomach here.

2 Neither Bufferin nor any pain relief product can relieve pain while tablet is in stomach.

3 Dissolving rapidly, Bufferin with its exclusive formula opens trap door of stomach speedily.

4 Last stage where the dissolved Bufferin is absorbed into blood stream. Absorbed twice as fast as aspirin, it relieves pain twice as fast.

Because Bufferin does not upset the stomach as aspirin often does, many doctors recommend Bufferin for prolonged, as well as occasional, dosage.



Clinical studies prove that Bufferin starts relieving pain twice as fast as aspirin. 20 minutes after taking Bufferin, people had twice the amount of pain-relieving ingredients in the blood stream as those who took aspirin. And Bufferin won't upset your stomach, because Bufferin is antacid, actually protects your stomach from aspirin irritation.



Ask your physician or dentist about Bufferin. Get Bufferin from your druggist. Carry the 12-tablet, pocket-size package. Keep the economical 36- or 100-tablet package in your home medicine chest. Bufferin is also available in Canada.

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



NOTE: BUFFERIN IS SCORED FOR EASY BREAKING WHEN HALF-DOSES ARE INDICATED

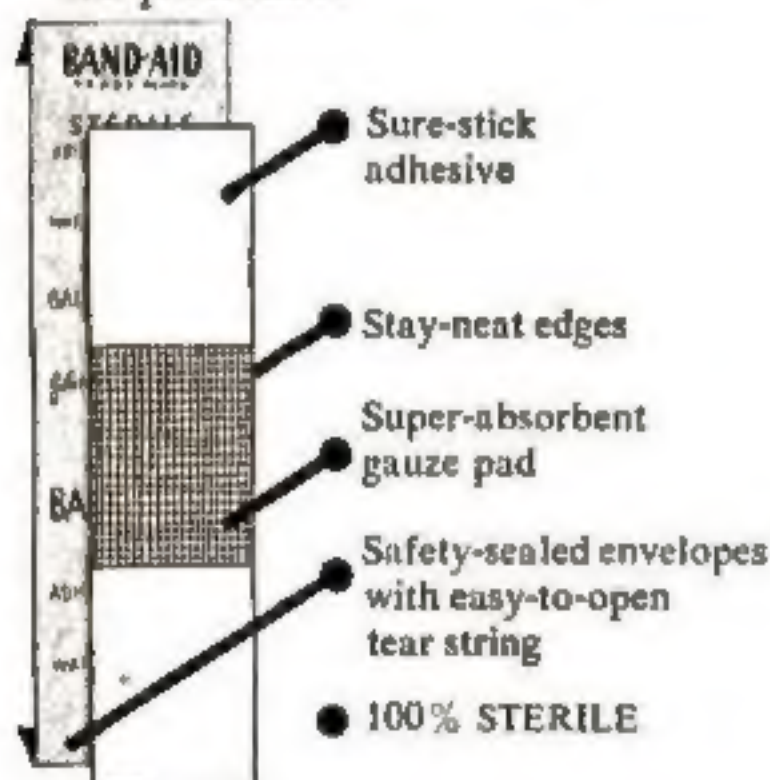
IF YOU SUFFER FROM ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

Never neglect a cut finger



The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance!

Always use BAND-AID*—the only adhesive bandage that gives you all this protection:



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Always look for the name on the box



*BAND-AID MEANS MADE BY

Johnson & Johnson

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE THING

Sirs:

I am surprised that after spending such great effort in publicizing *The Thing* ("All America Is Beating Out Horror Song Called *The Thing*," LIFE, Dec. 11) and including a wonderfully representative cartoon by evil's Addams, you should have distorted the booming pronouncement of *The Thing* to:



Actually "it" is identified by this rhythm:



ROGER BASS

Miami Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

Sounds like



KERRY SMITH

to me!

Roosevelt, N.Y.

• For its headline LIFE dropped the 6/8 time, did not show the complete measure, which goes this way:



—ED.

Sirs:

You state that *The Thing* is derived from the tune of "an old off-color folk song called *The Tailor's Boy*." Through the years I have been pounding on tables four times (rather than three) at the tuneless moment in Air Force clubs, fraternity houses, pubs and just plain parties while singing this old folk ditty as *The Chandler's Wife*. This is the same tune, and I am certain that it is equally as old and off-color as *The Tailor's Boy*.

JOHN NULTY II
Captain, USAF

Keesler Air Force Base, Miss.

• *The Tailor's Boy* and *The Chandler's Wife* are the same song.—ED.

Sirs:

The *Thing* is obviously a television set!

RONALD RUSTAD

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

... It is a stack of *Goodnight, Irene* records tied neatly in a bundle.

ALLEN BRAKE

Mansfield, Ohio

Sirs:

... Stalin's mustache.

LOUISE ROGERS

East Chicago, Ind.

Sirs:

... Margaret Truman's high C.

WARREN J. CHASE

Alexandria, Neb.

Sirs:

... A Texan!

SGT. GEORGE H. DAWKINS

Brooks Air Force Base, Texas

Sirs:

The *Thing*:



JUNE PASCHAL

Des Moines, Iowa

PROSPECT IS WAR

Sirs:

In your editorial ("The Prospect Is War," LIFE, Dec. 11) you make reference to your "pallid Allies, the British." If there is anything pallid about the British it is because in two world wars they were bled white while defending democracy until the U.S.A. made up its mind. You should be ashamed to so write about the British. ...

STANLEY WALLACE

Montreal, Que.

Sirs:

If it hadn't been for the handful of those "pallid Allies" fighting alongside, in front of and at the flanks of your army of overfed, overpaid and overgadgeted spoiled babies, the whole works would have gone blooey.

Where were you in 1914-17 and 1939-42 while your "pallid Allies" were fighting your wars of survival?

CHARLES RYER

Hamilton, Ont.

Sirs:

"The Prospect Is War" is a fine bit of writing. I despise war as much as anyone else, having once had a bellyful like a lot of others, but I believe appeasement has gone far enough. Keep blowing the whistle. You're on the right road.

THOMAS E. BEAL

Midland, Texas

MAN OUT OF JOB

Sirs:

Obviously you did not get the facts about the school situation in Pasadena ("Man Out of a Job," LIFE, Dec. 11).

The tax election last June focused the attention of the entire community on the educational policies of the Willard Goslin administration. In by far the largest school election vote in Pasadena's history, it was defeated, 2 to 1.

Mr. Goslin was trying to give our children the kind of education fostered by John Dewey and William Heard Kilpatrick. That was the issue. That is what we objected to. That is what an overwhelming majority of parents in Pasadena objected to.

CHARLES BOWES

Pasadena, Calif.

Sirs:

The tragic dismissal of Willard Goslin reminds me that I hear very often these days, as I travel about the nation, the

argument, "The education that was good enough for my father and me is good enough for my children." One quick look at today's world—the product of the "old-fashioned education"—should be sufficient rebuttal of that argument.

WILLARD JOHNSON

Pleasantville, N.Y.

ITS NOSE RUNS

Sirs:

A few moments ago I finished reading the hilarious report on new toys by Robert Wallace ("Look! Its Nose Runs!" LIFE, Dec. 18). In the last dozen lines a new toy was pointed to with horror and quite a bit of ridicule. It was a saddle to be worn by a daddy so that his small-fry cowpoke in the 2- to 4-year group might not break his little neck while riding his pop's spavined ribs about the room.

I am the chap who suggested the idea to several manufacturers early in the fall. I submitted this sketch (below) to the Toy Manufacturers of the U.S.A., Inc. in New York City. A letter from the secretary of the organization came back promptly. It said in part: "I can foresee that your 'Popsaddle,' if successful, will be roundly cursed by the fathers of the nation but undoubtedly should give great delight to the children and, after all, they are the bosses."

Although many manufacturers have admitted it was a brand-new idea in toys, none has been interested in its manufacture. Perhaps I underestimated the "dignity" of the average "Pop."

C. B. COLBY

Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.



COLBY'S "POPSADDLE"

BETH DIN

Sirs:

I was deeply shaken by your article on the Jewish trial ("You Are the Man Who Killed My Brother," LIFE, Dec. 11), probably more than any other reader because, an ex-concentration camp inmate, how often did I have to stay in line for the water soup—for us a so important food. As far as Mr. Mittelman is concerned, I agree with the judges that he is innocent; if he really would be guilty, his own conscience would let him no peace.

BERNARD OSTFELD

Miami, Fla.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

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To new members



1 HOMICIDE HOUSE by David Frome

SOMETHING STRANGE is happening in sleuth Evan Pinkerton's flat. Across the square, in the bombed-out ruins of Winship House, a shadowy figure is seen nightly - haunting the crumbling walls.

For a fee, Pegott, the Winship's former butler, says he'll solve the mystery and invites Pinkerton to join him and meet a "LIVING CORPSE." But Pinkerton is struck a murderous blow before he can keep the rendezvous. And Pegott is detained by - DEATH!



2 DEADLY DUO by Margery Allingham

Here's a DOUBLE TREAT - TWO separate puzzlers in one book.

1. WANTED: SOMEONE INNOCENT. "Too good to be true," groans penniless Miss Brayton when she gets a big-paying job. "Something horrible is going to happen!" And she is SO RIGHT!

2. LAST ACT. When her grand-daughter refuses to marry the man chosen for her, Madame Zoll (an aging petress) stages a dramatic "attempt on her own life." But someone "collaborates" . . . TOO WELL!



3 LADY, BE CAREFUL by Christopher Reeve

"Why should Deirdra invite me to share her honeymoon?" wondered Aunt Amanda. But when she arrived, she found the house packed with strange people.

There was a couple who prowled around at night . . . a fancy foreigner who kept the stable LOCKED . . . and a sullen character who flared up when Amanda showed him the GUN she found. And Mrs. Gibson, who acted as if she wanted to warn Amanda about something-IF she lived long enough!



4 SUDDEN VENGEANCE by Edmund Crispin

Gloria Scott had everything. She was young, beautiful. She had just been signed to a big movie role. TWO men were in love with her. YET SHE LEAPED TO HER DEATH!

Inspector Humbleby found a cameraman anxious to talk-but someone stopped him DEAD first. Then a film director was brutally stabbed! Maybe the killer was out to get everybody who had ever made Gloria Scott unhappy. And there were PLENTY of people who had!

5 THE FACE OF HATE by Theodora Du Bois

Pretty Linden King was alone on the fog-bound yacht tied up near the Virginia marshes. Suddenly blood-curdling howls brought her running from her cabin. Two dogs were making sounds that would almost waken the dead. But they didn't arouse the strange man crumpled in the lifeboat. He really WAS dead.

Then, a bullet whizzed past her head! And another. A man clutching the gun broke through the mist. His head was a large blurred oval, BUT HE HAD NO FACE . . .

6 LADY KILLER by George Harmon Cox

Would YOU help a glamorous Hollywood starlet smuggle jewels through customs? Kent Murdock refused-but someone planted the hot loot in HIS camera case. When he learned he had stooged for the big smuggling job, it was TOO LATE. His case was empty!

Kent chased down suspect after suspect . . . only to have them turn into victims. At last he came face to face with the person he was looking for . . . across six inches of cold steel!



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FEEL the difference
in your scalp—SEE the difference
in your hair!



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50 seconds' massage with active Vitalis (1) stimulates the scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair. Then 10 seconds to comb . . . and your hair is neater, handsomer—set to stay that way all day! Natural looking—never "slicked down." Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure, natural vegetable oil.

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fans . . . lighter-bodied
VITALIS HAIR CREAM
gives your hair that
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NO heavy film! NO sticky comb!
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED



HAMILTON 1890 TEAM'S 60TH REUNION

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

Sirs:

Longevity of former football players (Speaking of Pictures, LIFE, Dec. 18) was never better illustrated than by the picture above. It shows the four members of Hamilton College's first football team (1890) who returned 60 years later last month to watch the traditional Hamilton-Union game here.

Left to right are: the Rev. C. A. Frasure, 85, (left guard, later minister, publisher's representative, farmer), the Rev. C. W. Mason, 82, (right guard, minister and lumber camp missionary), Samuel Hopkins Adams, 79, (right tackle, reporter and author of *The Harvey Girls*, *The Incredible Era*) and Thomas L. Coventry, 84, (right halfback, New York Sun writer and upstate editor).

The only unhappy note: in the game they saw at their reunion, as in the games they played in 1890, Union won.

GEORGE S. TILLMAN

Clinton, N.Y.

ATOMIC DEFENSE PLAN

Sirs:

. . . The most damning charge I can level against the M.I.T. professors' "bold plan" for civilian defense ("How U.S. Cities Can Prepare for Atomic War," LIFE, Dec. 18) is that it is utterly beside the point.

. . . How many lives are worth sacrificing here to put one B-36, carrying one atomic bomb, in the air over Magnitogorsk at a given moment? That is the ruthless, cold-blooded question we must answer for ourselves before we proceed much further in planning our civil defense. . . . Our total defense planning must therefore strike a calculated balance between the preservation of essential people and of essential machines. If this country is hit, there will be no such thing as civilian casualties. All casualties will be regarded as military and as ranging from great to little importance. In a nation such as ours, where the individual life has always been regarded as the most precious thing extant, it will be difficult for our people to grasp this new scale of values. How would anyone like to be told, not only that a turret lathe is more precious to the country than he is, but also that the lathe is being moved to a safe spot in the country while he can await his doom in the city?

ALAN HALL

Research Institute of America
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

The idea of life belts around cities, as presented in the Wiener civil defense plan, is splendid and entirely practical. However it is obviously not a new idea. The autobahn superhighway network around Berlin, almost completed by the Germans before World War II, although not as thoroughly developed, is basically the same.

COL. ROBERT H. CUSHING

Dept. of the Army
Office of the Adjutant General
Washington, D.C.

GOOSE HUNT

Sirs:

Those shotguns with which Miltonberger and Conklin were drawing beads ("LIFE Goes on a Nebraska Goose Hunt," LIFE, Dec. 18) may have been 12-gauge, but I'll bet a lot of readers will tell you they weren't automatics.

Weren't they slide action or "pump" guns?

R. E. MCCLINTICK

Dallas, Texas

• Yes.—ED.

LIVING THE ECA WAY

Sirs:

We beg to bring most strongly to your attention the fact that the so-called report on ECA aid to Turkey ("Living the ECA Way," LIFE, Dec. 11), under the signature of Nerin E. Gun, is completely misleading.

Although it purports to show what ECA can accomplish, this article does the exact opposite: it gives a totally wrong picture of the excellent aims and work of the ECA; it contains a false list of items which allegedly constitute part of ECA aid to Turkey; it ends up as an excellent example of how best to undermine the confidence of the American public in the work of the European Recovery Program.

Mr. Gun implies that such items as radios, showers, electric razors, Hollywood cosmetics, baked beans, corned beef, can openers, refrigerators, etc., are all supplied to Turkey under the heading of ECA aid. ECA furnishes none of these. In any case, such gadgets as those mentioned above constitute nothing new in the everyday life of the upper-middle-class Turkish family.

The author writes that Mr. Nuruman, "a civil servant, has had three raises because the Marshall Plan has

started so many new government projects." No civil servant in Turkey has been given a raise (outside of normal seniority-scale promotions) for any reason whatever since 1945.

It is to be deplored that worthwhile and concretely useful schemes like the Marshall Plan should be misrepresented in such a flagrant manner.

NURI EREN
Director

Turkish Information Office
New York, N.Y.

• LIFE acknowledges and regrets several specific errors in its report, hopes it has not too seriously distressed a people whose soldiers have made such a brave showing fighting with the U.N. forces in Korea. The family described in the report is actually a composite family, and the name "Nuruman" is fictitious. The letter below indicates that, in general, the article was a fair description of effects ECA has had in Turkey.—ED.

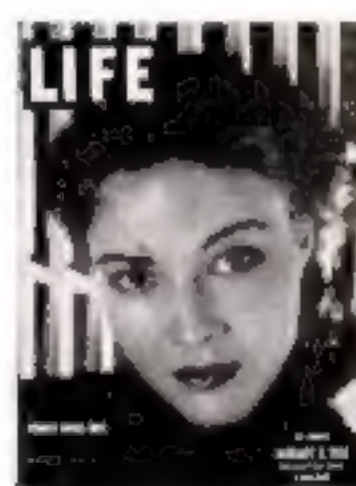
Sirs:

. . . We came through Turkey the other day, so realize that your article was a pleasant portrayal of things as they are. Everything is "nylon" in Turkey. ECA has not exported luxuries to Turkey, but ECA has helped stimulate economic conditions so that the Turks can now enjoy many more material benefits of the Western world. Paul Hoffman told me that Turkey was one of the most hope-inspiring countries he visited during his recent tour (LIFE, Nov. 13).

ROBERT R. MULLEN
Director

Office of Information, ECA
Washington, D.C.

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

**Magazine honors Halsman
and reveals his zany side**

Most of the time 44-year-old, Latvian-born Philippe Halsman is what he terms "a serious man." He speaks seven languages, is familiar with Plato and Sartre and is a student of modern art. He is also one of the world's most versatile and successful photographers, famous for his portraits and for his satiric study in expression, *The Frenchman*, a best-selling book in 1949. His stories for *LIFE* have varied from a color essay on the American Southwest (March 14, 1949) to a buxom treatment of Michael Todd's *Peep Show* (July 10), and his pictures have appeared on *LIFE*'s cover 46 times, a record equaled only by Alfred Eisenstaedt. In its current issue a new magazine, *Photography Workshop*, devotes 26 pages to a study of Halsman's work. To make a selection for the story, part of *Workshop*'s staff spent 12 days poring over 100,000 Halsman photographs. Among the humorous pictures Halsman had taken of other people they found many zany pictures, taken by his wife or his assistant, of the photographer himself having a good time. "They show just one of my many personalities," says Halsman. Then, referring to one of the pictures (below), well-rounded Halsman added in the tones of a man who has lost a huge talent, "That is my last somersault."



ON HIS VACATION HALSMAN PAUSES TO DANCE WITH A GROTESQUELY GNARLED TREE



LEAPING HALSMAN springs into air under guidance of Dancer-Comedian Ray Bolger. Says Halsman, "I am ashamed to say Bolger went 12 inches higher."



FLYING HALSMAN, photographed here by his wife Yvonne, does flip on sand at Daytona Beach, Fla. "Unfortunately," he says, "it was only 85% complete."



SALUTE TO FASHION is Halsman's title for this picture of himself greeting half-mannequin wearing leaf-bedecked hat. "I photographed hats for two days,"

he admits, "and I was cross with hats." Of fashion in general, Halsman thinks "the emphasis has shifted from what pleases men to what annoys other women."



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More than your daily minimum requirements, plus Liver Concentrate and Iron. 144's—\$4.79; 288's—\$7.99.

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33¢

MEDICINE CHEST NEEDS

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LIFE'S COVER

Janice Rule, Warner Brothers' promising new starlet, whose portrait by Anthony Beauchamp appears on the cover, was brought up in a self-expressive family where all six of the children spent their spare time dancing and singing madly around the house. From the day she saw Alexandra Danilova, the great ballet dancer, Janice dreamed of becoming a prima ballerina, and she was up on her toes or leaping through the air for hours every day. Her current idol is the British dancer Margot Fonteyn, but it looks now as if she is more likely to make her own career and her fortune in Hollywood (pp. 78, 79) with her feet firmly on the ground.

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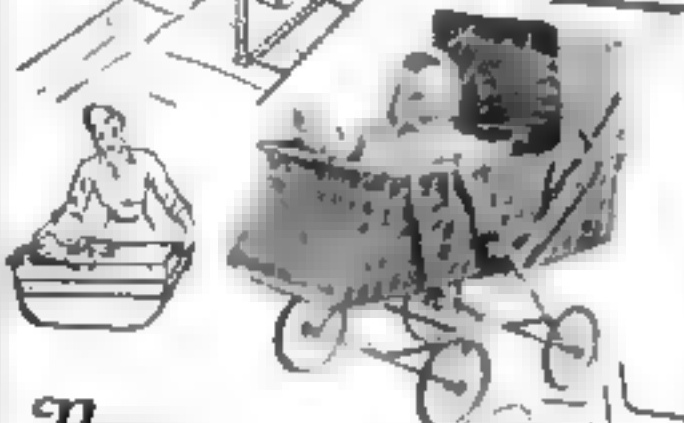
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A TROUBLED NATION WEIGHS ITS FUTURE

EVER since George Washington delivered his controversial exit line about steering clear of permanent foreign entanglements, the foreign policy of America has been considered a highly debatable subject—and nearly every American has considered himself highly qualified to debate it. Before buying an island, ratifying a treaty or going to war, it has been the country's custom to argue the matter out, or at least to argue it as long as events permit.

The great debate on foreign policy that tugged at the nation's mind and soul last week was thus in line with the nation's tradition. As at the New York meeting of the Association for the United Nations, where John Foster Dulles gave an address, the people listened (*above*), ready to be convinced or not. The present debate was not going exactly according to pattern, however, for the war in Korea, which was six months old last week, had not resolved it but precipitated it. Nor was it 1940-41 all over again, for the question was not whether we had an enemy. Now, as in all debates, some things were agreed upon, and this time, except for the Communists,

everyone agreed that the enemy was Russia.

There was, however, a widespread reluctance to face the issue and examine the question (and a wishful thought that we might find an easy answer to it), born of our understandable resentment of the fact that this time we had not had the customary 20-year pause between wars to catch our breath. But because our personal survival and not just our national convenience was at stake, it was more important than ever that this time we should know exactly what we were debating and where we were heading.

It was sensible to remember what elements had determined the climate in which this debate took place. There was the wave of disillusionment when we woke up from the one-world dream born at Cairo, Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam and San Francisco. There was the later wave of disillusionment when we realized how far we had drifted from strength to weakness.

It was also sensible to recall what Winston Churchill had said in 1946 at Fulton, Mo.: "If the western democracies stand together in strict

adherence to the principles of the U.N. Charter, their influence for furthering these principles will be immense and no one is likely to molest them. If, however, they become divided or falter in their duty, and if these all-important years are allowed to slip away, then indeed catastrophe may overwhelm us all."

It was sensible, too, to recall what our then Secretary of State, James Byrnes, said that year at Stuttgart, Germany: "We have learned, whether we like it or not, that we live in one world, from which we cannot isolate ourselves. We have learned that peace and well-being are indivisible and that our peace and well-being cannot be purchased at the price of peace or the well-being of any other country."

Finally, it was sensible to recall how we had sought to purchase our peace and well-being. We had done it through such instruments of the bipartisan foreign policy as the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the Point Four Program and the North Atlantic Treaty, all costing \$42.5 billion to date with billions more committed to be paid in future instalments.



**Taft Urges
Military Aid
Be Reviewed**



**ACHESON IN ANSWER
TO TAFT RIDICULES
THE 'RE-EXAMINISTS'**



**U. S. Policies
Are Suicidal,
Says Kennedy**



**Greatest Mobilization
Called For by Dewey**



QUIT KOREA, BEWARE EUROPE TRAP—HOOVER



**Dulles Counters Hoover
On American 'Gibraltar'**

THE GREAT DEBATE SUMMONS THE U.S. TO DECIDE HOW TO HOLD ITS FREEDOM BUT ABOVE ALL ARGUMENTS THERE IS AGREEMENT ON ONE THING—THE ENEMY

THE debate had been a little slow in coming to a boil. There was scant argument last summer when the House, prodded by the attack in Korea, suddenly approved the peacetime draft by a vote of 315 to 4, or when the Senate approved additional aid for Western Europe, Korea and the Philippines by 66 to 0. But the pious protestations of unity that sounded then were drowned out in the ensuing election campaign.

The current debate was actually joined on Nov. 10 by the victorious Senator Robert A. Taft, who had voted against aid to Korea six months before and was one of a very few who had protested in June that President Truman had exceeded his authority in meeting the new aggression there. In one breath Bob Taft said that "only an idiot would be an isolationist today." In another he asked, "Is Europe our first line of defense? Is it defensible at all?" and called for a thorough re-examination of the Truman foreign policy.

It was at this point that Secretary of State Dean Acheson, coauthor and coexecutor of that

policy, made a clumsy mistake. Actually it was hardly surprising that the failure of our policy in Asia should raise doubts about its chances for success in Europe. But instead of accepting the fact that he, like all his predecessors in office, had to submit to constant re-examination of policy—and might as well face it—Acheson got wrathful about it.

In hard accents he said, "We are told . . . that all isolationists are extinct, as dead as the dodo or the saber-toothed tiger. But there is a new species that has come on the horizon, and this new species I call the 're-examunist,' because the re-examunist says, 'I want to re-examine all our policies and all our programs.'" Such persons, said he, are like the farmer who pulls up his crops in the morning to see how they have done during the night.

This curt retort was enough to heat up the debate. But it boiled over with the U.N. reverses in Korea and the dismay that choked many citizens who felt cheated of an imminent triumph. Two other factors conspired to turn dismay into worry, then into something near anger. The first

was the general U.N. reluctance to match American commitments and casualties in Korea—a reluctance that, in Paris and London, was sharpened by fear that Europe would be neglected as a result of these commitments. The second was a strangely belated American recognition of the long-obvious fact that Europe itself (like the U.S., to be sure) had been only limping along on its own rearmament.

As the wave of disappointment began gathering in the country, Joseph P. Kennedy was one of the first to ride it. Joe Kennedy was at least consistent: in 1940, as ambassador to Great Britain, he had said we need not fight fascism; now confronting Communism, he called for the U.S. to retreat from all overseas arenas and to base itself on "the fundamentals I urged more than five years ago." His forum was the University of Virginia Law School Forum, and this is what he said:

"Where are we now? What have we in return for this [postwar] effort? Friends? We have far fewer friends than we had in 1945. In Europe they are still asking for our dollars but what

kind of friendship have we bought there? . . . On the other side of the Iron Curtain are massed manpower and military strength of a type that the world has never seen. . . . To engage these vast armies on the European or the Asian continent is foolhardy, but that is the direction towards which our policy has been tending. . . ."

The retreat to Kennedy's "fundamentals" was to be fast and total:

"A first step . . . is to get out of Korea—indeed, to get out of every point in Asia which we do not plan realistically to hold in our own defense. . . . The next step in pursuit of this policy is to apply the same principle to Europe. . . ."

Shrugging off the U.S.'s greatest victory in Europe in the last five years with a querulous question ("What have we gained by staying in Berlin?"), the ex-ambassador concluded, "The truth is that our only real hope is to keep Russia, if she chooses to march, on the other side of the Atlantic and make [it] much too costly for her to try to cross the seas. It may be that Europe for a decade or a generation will turn Communist. But in doing so, it may break of itself as a unified force. . . . This policy will, of course, be criticized as appeasement. No word is more mistakenly used. . . . I can recall only too well the precious time bought by Chamberlain at Munich. I applauded that purchase then; I would applaud it today."

The sound of his applause created a minor stir. Printing three columns of letters endorsing Kennedy's speech, the *Wall Street Journal* explained the omission of critical letters by saying it just hadn't received any yet.

TWO nights later another debater got the floor. Stealing a 24-hour march on President Truman, Governor Thomas E. Dewey spoke out, and militantly, for the internationalist wing of the G.O.P. His eight-point program began, like Kennedy's, with the premise that Russia was an enemy—but it did not end, like Kennedy's, with the conclusion that the U.S. should crawl into a shell. Measuring the menace coolly ("Let us get rid once and for all of the notion that Russia wants less than the whole world"), Dewey gave his formula to meet it:

"By the swift acceleration of the draft, the U.S. Army should be brought to a strength of not less than 100 divisions and our divisions are nearly twice as large as Russian divisions. . . . The Air Force should be brought to at least 80 groups. The U.S. Navy should be taken out of moth balls and recommissioned without delay. . . . We can beat Russia five to one in production, but we can't save our freedom with automobiles or washing machines. . . . We should set an immediate goal of 25% of our productive capacity for defense production. . . . Inflation must be stopped now and stopped hard. . . . We should establish at once general registration for national service. . . ."

Governor Dewey joined the foreign policy issue sharply: "We will still need strong, powerful friends elsewhere in the world. . . . Nothing will make them rearm and nothing will give them the will to fight if they do rearm, without a new degree of strength and leadership from this country. So our government should state its aims and objectives specifically for all the

world to see and know. . . . Unless we are going to shrink within our own borders and wait to be conquered . . . we must boldly make decisions that will keep friends for our cause both in Europe and in Asia."

This was fighting talk—the fightingest speech in the current debate—but it all sounded terribly expensive. So did President Truman's mobilization address the next night, on the eve of his declaration of the national emergency. His appeal was less dramatic than Dewey's, but the significant point was that fundamentally the crisis had made them bedfellows in the matter of foreign policy. Said Truman, "The same menace threatens Europe as well as Asia. . . . The defense of Europe is of the utmost importance to the security of the U.S. . . . The Communist rulers are trying their hardest to split the free nations apart. If they should succeed, they would do staggering damage to the cause of freedom. Unity with our allies is now, and must continue to be, the foundation of our effort."

ON that point the President and the country did not have to wait long to get an argument. The man who put it up was ex-President Herbert Hoover. For months, in his Waldorf Towers eyrie, the old Republican had brooded about the foreign affairs of the U.S. In mid-October he had delivered a radio address, warning that if our allies did not perk up in their rate of rearming, we had better fall back on our oceans. Later Kennedy had borrowed Hoover's title of "Where We Are Now" and turned it around to "Where Are We?" Now Hoover—with heavy advance publicity—took to the Mutual network to deliver the big attack.

First, striking a balance of population and combat divisions between the Red world and the free world, he concluded that "any attempt to make war on the Communist mass by land invasion . . . is sheer folly." That much was indisputable.

The Communist armies, Hoover went on, "can no more reach Washington in force than we can reach Moscow. In this military connection we must realize the fact that the atomic bomb is a far less dominant weapon than it was once thought to be."

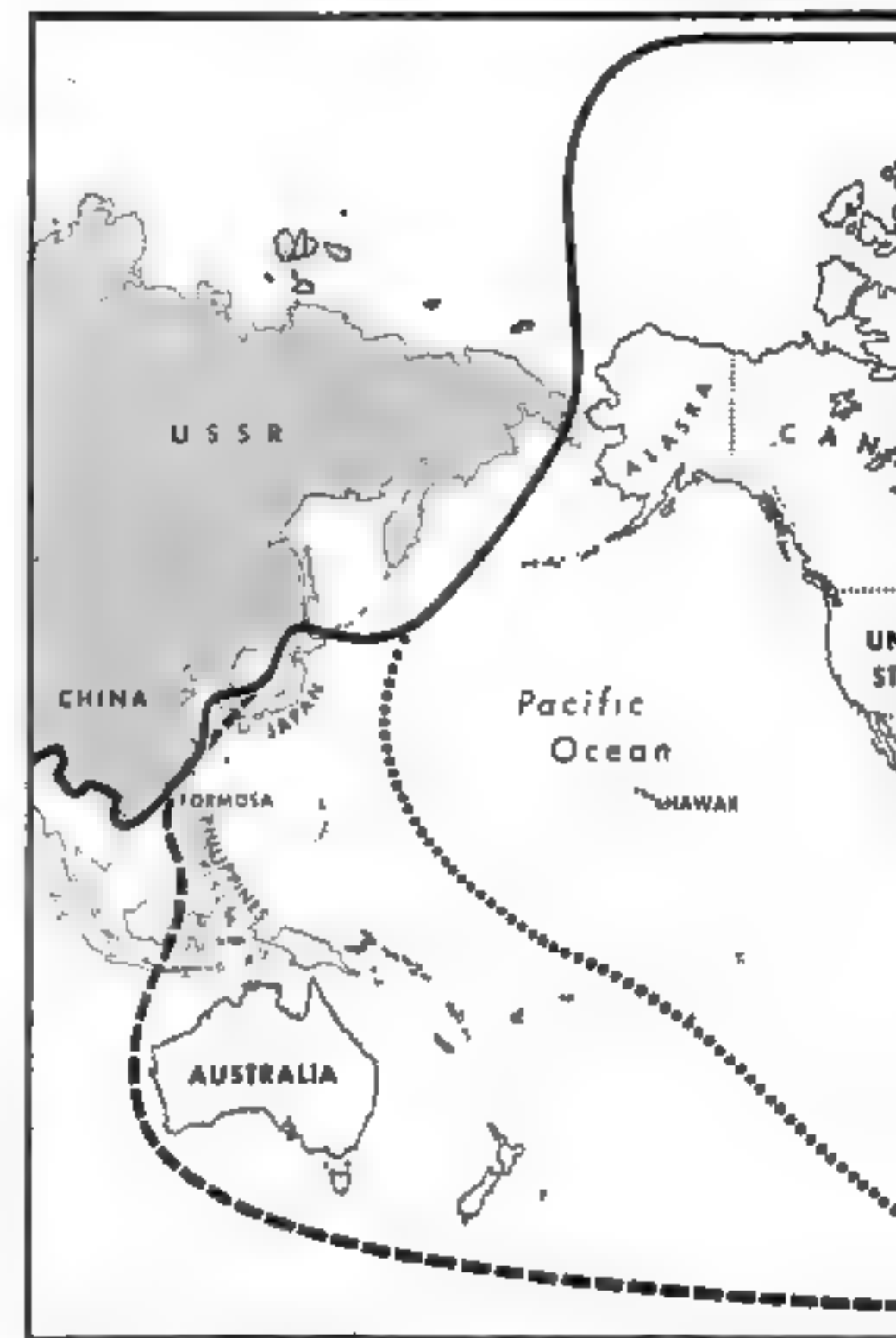
As for Korea, Hoover thought "it is obvious that the United Nations have been defeated by the aggression of Communist China. There are no adequate forces in the world to repel them. . . . America had to furnish over 90% of the foreign forces [in Korea], and suffer over 90% of their dead and injured." Hoover declared that unless the U.N. now had the courage to declare Red China an aggressor, refuse to admit it to membership, refuse it war supplies and "for once, pass a resolution condemning the infamous lies about the U.S.," then the U.N. was guilty of appeasement.

"And now," said Herbert Hoover, "I come to where we should go from here." It was also the point where he and U.S. policy, or any reasonable variant of it, parted company.

"The foundation of our national policies," he said, "must be to preserve for the world this Western Hemisphere Gibraltar of Western Civilization."

"We can, without any measure of doubt,

THREE POLICIES FOR



with our own air and naval forces, hold the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans with one frontier on Britain (if she wishes to cooperate); the other, on Japan, Formosa and the Philippines. We can hold open the sea lanes for our supplies. . . .

"To do this we should arm our air and naval forces to the teeth. We have little need for large armies unless we are going to Europe or China. We should give Japan her independence and aid her in arms to defend herself. . . .

"We could, after initial outlays for more air and navy equipment, greatly reduce our expenditures, balance our budget and free ourselves from the dangers of inflation and economic degeneration."

"To warrant our further aid," said Hoover firmly, "they [the Europeans] should show they have spiritual strength and unity to avail themselves of their own resources. . . . Today it must express itself in organized and equipped combat divisions of such huge numbers as would erect a sure dam against the Red flood. And that before we land another man or another dollar on their shores. . . . Our policy in this quarter of the world should be confined to a period of watchful waiting without ground military action." And with a delicate disclaimer of isolationism or appeasement, Mr. Hoover concluded that "the truth is ugly" and sat down.

It was easily the most explosive speech of the great debate, and its shock wave jiggled the political seismographs all over the world. It was an attractive speech in more ways than one. Its formula seemed neat, tidy, disciplined—a powerful lure in a disordered world. Because it seemed to offer the U.S. a relatively cheap way out of trouble and involvement, it brought a tremendous round of domestic applause, espe-

HOW FOREIGN POLICY CHANGES WOULD SHIFT THE



TOTAL POPULATION

CONTAINING THE ENEMY



cially from the fainthearted. And because it seemed to offer Russia an incredibly cheap way to the shores of both oceans, it delighted Communists too. *Pravda* rushed the speech into print in its entirety.

The address was also remarkable for what Hoover left unsaid. Did he mean that we should now denounce the North Atlantic Treaty? Was Europe to wipe out all economic recovery to date in order to equip its divisions? Should the U.S. abandon Berlin—or abandon its garrison if attacked tomorrow? Should it also abandon all European and Middle East bases for the B-50 and B-47 strategic bombers? Had Hoover forgotten that we depend on the Belgian Congo for uranium ore? And finally, should the U.S. abandon the Ruhr and most of the rest of the world and its resources to their Communistic fate?

Almost as a reflex action, thousands of Americans took pens in hand and declared themselves in on the debate. New York's Senators Ives and Lehman reported their mail—possibly because their state has so many Communists—was running 90 to 100 to 1 in favor of the Hoover program. Hoover's secretary said that of "more than 5,000" letters he had received, "less than 100" bore anything but praise. But in a countrywide survey of a vast eruption of letters-to-the-editors, the Associated Press found things to be better balanced. In some papers the "Vox Pop" mail was practically 100% against Hoover and for the Administration's "containment" policy; in some it was the other way around, with pro-Hoover sentiment most vocal in the Midwest heartland. Private citizens and public figures alike were filling the air with cries of "ostrichism," "rathole," "cowardly appeasement," "realism," "no foreign war" and every cliché in the book.

In the *New York Times*, Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. wrote that Hoover "merely demonstrates once again his inability to learn by experience. On Oct. 27, 1917 he [argued] against sending American armies to France. He was clearly wrong in 1917 and 1940, and he is equally wrong now." In the *Atlanta Constitution*, Editor Ralph McGill snorted that Hoover's policy of "withdrawing nationally to an ivory tower over which he would hang armor plate, unfortunately coincided with the Christmas period when the national mind was at its lowest emotional ebb and when everywhere sons, husbands and fathers were most in the hearts of their families. . . . What he proposes is national suicide." And in Washington a leading Republican fumed, "It was just an open invitation for Stalin to take over all of Western Europe, without a struggle. It doesn't give us credit for having any brains at all."

Back from the Brussels conference on rearming Europe, Secretary Acheson told a press conference that the "policy of withdrawal into our hemisphere" (he diplomatically did not refer to it as the "Hoover policy") had been examined by the National Security Council many times. It had been rejected because "it spells defeat and frustration, it has no possibility of success, and therefore it is not an attitude which this government can usefully take." As President Truman told his press conference, it also spelled isolationism and nothing else.

LAST week, trying to make its fanfare heard over the tumult and the shouting, the U.S. State Department announced the next debater. He was John Foster Dulles, Republican foreign policy adviser to Acheson, and he was hopefully billed as a rebuttal speaker until he announced that he was not going to "reply" to Hoover but had some things to say on his own.

He said them well, if unexcitingly, under the now familiar title of "Where Are We?" Certainly, said Dulles, the U.S. and the U.N. have made plenty of mistakes, and there was no occasion for complacency or for whitewash. He readily conceded that the U.S. could not afford to be "committed to a series of Koreas all around the globe." As any soldier or statesman knew, "with more than 20 nations strung along the 20,000 miles of Iron Curtain, it is not possible to build up static defensive forces which could make each nation impregnable to a major and unpredictable assault. . . . To attempt this would be to have strength nowhere and bankruptcy everywhere."

But then Dulles got down to the business of answering Hoover. He pointed out that the U.S.'s greatest asset was its superiority in industrial productivity—"a superiority of three or four to one over Russia" in terms of steel, aluminum, electric power and oil. But if the U.S. were to yield the Ruhr and the Middle East to Russia in pursuit of a Gibraltar haven (see charts below), that superiority would be leveled—and one of America's great weapons gone.

Beyond this, Dulles pressed three major arguments. The first was psychological:

"You can plan on paper . . . what it seems should be an impregnable defense, a China Wall, a Maginot Line, a Rock of Gibraltar, an Atlan-

tic and Pacific Moat. But . . . such a defense carries . . . the seeds of its own collapse. A defense that accepts encirclement quickly decomposes."

The second argument was military:

"It is not necessary . . . to spread our strength all around the world in futile attempts to create everywhere a static defense. . . . There is only one effective defense for us and others. That is the capacity to counterattack. That is the ultimate deterrent. . . ."

"The arsenal of retaliation should include all forms of counterattack, with maximum flexibility, mobility and the possibility of surprise. . . . Then the force that protects one protects all."

And the final argument was moral:

"The whole world can be confident that the U.S. will not, at a moment of supreme danger, shed allies who are endangered. . . . A U.S. which could be an inactive spectator while the barbarians overran and desecrated the cradle of our Christian civilization would not be the kind of a U.S. which could defend itself."

On top of the Dulles speech, Acheson spoke out again last weekend. In his year-end review of foreign affairs he promised the world that we would "redouble our efforts to build situations of strength" to oppose the Politburo's use of force, as well as subversion, which is now advancing the "naked imperialism" of Red aims.

NEVERTHELESS, if we were not to be bled to death, a new line had to be drawn somewhere. That somewhere, suggested the *St. Louis Star*, lay "between planetary involvement and a retreat to the Western Hemisphere." Observed Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, "I don't want to stand on the Himalayas, nor do I want to fight on Cape Cod. We've got to pick the spots our force will bear."

Before the right line could be drawn the debate had to be cleared of much confusion. It was confusing, for example, for Hoover to imply that the U.S. was in Asia and Europe solely out of altruism; the fact was that we were there out of self-interest. It was ironic in view of Republican attacks on internationalism that the boldest program put forth in the debate came from the G.O.P.'s Tom Dewey. It was equally ironic that the G.O.P.'s Senator Arthur Vandenberg was the architect of much of the structure that the bipartisan isolationists would now destroy. The time for ironing out the ironies seemed plainly and urgently at hand.

IN Washington this week the 82nd Congress convenes, and the great debate will surely rage more loudly than ever. For all its fervor and frenzy, however, it probably will still be confined to discussing ways to contain the enemy if he moves—rather than destroy him. As it echoes through the nation, the people will still be enjoying the luxury most loved by democracies: free talk. It is a good luxury—to a point. But when a line in time is crossed, the politicians and strategists so busily drawing their own lines around the globe may find that their cherished charts are academic. For the scheme of containment itself may be blasted at any time by an enemy impatient for final victory—and thankful that a free people takes so long to know its own mind.

BALANCE OF POPULATION AND WAR RESOURCES



WAR RESOURCES OTHER THAN MANPOWER

LET'S GET DOWN TO CASES!

On the preceding four pages *LIFE* reports an argument which is now going on among Americans, and calls this argument a Great Debate. As a matter of accuracy the question at central issue in the debate—shall the U.S. support and rely upon its allies, or abandon its allies?—is taken as seriously as the distinguished debaters take it. There can be no doubt of the outcome. *LIFE* is confident that the U.S. will support its allies. We are confident that the U.S. will rely upon its allies for all they can offer in the common defense. We are confident that for its own part and with its own strength the U.S. will defend the free world to the uttermost.

Having said as much, we hope that this particular phase of the debate will soon be closed for the good of all concerned. Let us all get on to the real substance of questions that really matter and are open to more useful debate. Almost nobody wants to take up these questions and push them to the forefront of public discussion. Yet they must be taken up and freely discussed if the preliminaries now distracting us are to grow into the greater debate which is sorely needed.

There is the matter of our enemy. We know our enemy to be Soviet Communism and its satellite instruments. Now, having recognized our enemy beyond cavil, what do we do? Do we still hold that the conflict with our recognized enemy is negotiable, as we have tended to hold during the recent period of "containment"? Or do we proceed to the conclusion that our recognized enemy's capacity to do us harm and to assault the whole non-Communist world must be destroyed? This is the fundamental question now demanding debate. This is the question that must be answered before any lesser questions can be conclusively answered.

What deters a Russian?

One of these certainly involves the Bomb. A valid subject for open and general debate is—does it make sense, or not, to use the Bomb on the Soviet Union now? Or should we first find out once and for all whether a positive threat of atomic destruction would be enough to alter Soviet purposes and to halt Soviet aggression? Do we tell the Russians in plain and forceful words that we will drop it on them unless they abandon their aggressions in Europe and Asia? The official U.S. consensus up to now has been that such a use of the Bomb would not make sense; that it would touch off all-out war without altering the purposes of our enemy or insuring the destruction and defeat of our enemy. This conclusion may be correct—the instinct of millions of people throughout the world is against any overt use of the Bomb. But there are important qualifications of this view, and important dissents from it. A free discussion would clear men's

minds and—who knows?—it perhaps might lead to a useful revaluation of our presently accepted strategy and calculations.

It is surely worth knowing, for instance, that Winston Churchill puts a higher valuation on the Bomb than our military men put on it. He believes that the Bomb, and only the Bomb, has deterred the Soviet Union from all-out war in the recent past. He believes that the period in which our atomic superiority can be an effective deterrent is running out as the superiority lessens. He is therefore in favor of confronting the Soviet Union with what to all effects would be an atomic ultimatum, and he is confident that it would work. Our point here is not that Mr. Churchill is right in his view; for all we know he may be catastrophically wrong. Our point is that there cannot be sufficient and effective debate of his view, and of contrary views, so long as he is constrained to couch his ideas in terms so vague that only expert readers of his recent speeches can discern what he is getting at. When this is true, something is wrong with the atmosphere in which the most pressing issues of the time are considered.

Clear talk will help

The other day General Hoyt Vandenberg of the Air Force discussed the uses of the Bomb in connection with the defense of Western Europe. Testifying before a House subcommittee, he expressed the consensus of the Joint Chiefs of Staff without mentioning the Bomb or naming the Soviet Union. Here again the conventions of public discussion obscured a positive and, on the whole, heartening estimate in murky gobbledegook. General Vandenberg said that strategic bombardment of "X country" might succeed in "knocking out its potential to fight a war." But bombardment alone would still leave "X country" in possession of a great army with great stock piles of munitions, able to occupy Western Europe and go on from there. Therefore, he implied, we cannot rely on the Bomb alone. However, General Vandenberg said, strategic bombardment of "X country" combined with the efforts of "a smaller number of ground forces" defending Western Europe would compel the enemy to use up its stock piles and exhaust its great army before it could complete the seizure of Western Europe. The fact that General Vandenberg was talking about atomic war with the Soviet Union was bound to be clear to any Soviet official who came across the published record. Then why all the murk? Clearer talk in simple language could do no harm, and it might stimulate a vigorous and useful re-examination.

A franker discussion of the issues and risks confronting us in Western Europe would also be helpful. What are we afraid of in Western Europe? When you get right down

to it, we are afraid that we may lose all the men and all the weapons that we keep in Western Europe or put into Western Europe in the next year or so. There is nothing craven or silly in this fear. There is quite a good chance that we will lose whatever we keep in or put into Western Europe in the immediate future. The risk is sharper and more immediate now because of the evidence that the Soviet Union may be ready to jump off right now, or fairly soon. A prospect which has been in all of our minds is suddenly a very real possibility, and it may be a definite probability. So, quite naturally, we get the shivers and take another look. The result of the second look must be a firm decision to risk the loss of what we put into Western Europe, a decision taken in the knowledge that to do anything else would be to hand our enemy the greatest victory in history.

Maybe there will be a shooting war in Europe. There IS a shooting war in Asia. Only one question has any meaning for us in Asia now. This question is whether, and when, we fully acknowledge the existence of this war and set out to defeat the enemy, which is Communist China with the Soviet Union just behind it. In view of the declared enmity of Communist China and the declared purpose of Communist China to seize and dominate all Asia, *LIFE* sees no choice but to acknowledge the existence of war with Red China and to set about its defeat, in full awareness that this course will probably involve war with the Soviet Union as well.

The habit of evasion

But our purpose here is not to argue this view. Our purpose is to suggest that the right decision in Asia—whatever it may be—cannot be taken and will not be taken until the central question in Asia is brought into the open and freely discussed. The central question in Asia, we say again, is whether or not to acknowledge the existence of a war with Communist China and to set about the defeat of Communist China. So far as could be learned last week the issue had not been faced and had not been decided in Washington, where it must be faced and must be decided by the President and his military command. Whatever the right course in Asia may be, the wrong and fatal course is to evade the vital question of acknowledged war and to leave all the decisions to our enemy.

The habit of evasion can be as fatal in Europe as it is in Asia. Yet the habit of evasion is all too prevalent now. It inhibits the will and the capacity of our officials to make the decisions which they must make. It vitiates and poisons the public debate which, in a democracy, must shape and inform these decisions if they are to have the whole understanding and the whole force of our country behind them.



WADING INTO THE SEA at Hungnam on the day before Christmas, some of the last troops of the

rear guard walk unhurriedly toward a landing craft that will carry them to the transports out in the bay.



ONLY PUPPIES WERE LEFT BEHIND ON THE DOCK

WE WALK, NOT RUN, TO EXIT

X CORPS EVACUATES HUNGNAM TO FIGHT AGAIN IN THE SOUTH

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY DAVID D. DUNCAN

For 12 frigid days and nights last month the 105,000 men of the X Corps sludged through the streets of Hungnam, across bomb-scarred docks and into barges and transports that took them out into the Japan Sea. With almost no casualties and little trouble they all got out—the 3rd and 7th Army Divisions, two ROK divisions, and the 1st Marine Division which had made the memorable trek from the Changjin Reservoir (LIFE, Dec. 25). With them they took 350,000 tons of supplies, 17,500 vehicles and 91,000 Korean civilians fleeing from dreaded Communist reprisals.

The orderly evacuation at the end of what might otherwise have been a disastrous retreat was an admirable organizational feat. As the Navy put it, "It was walk, not run, to the nearest exit." The Chinese, with their supply lines overextended, were incapable of sustained attacks. The U.N. forces, with complete command of the sea and air, set up an undisputed curtain of gunfire and bombing through which the Reds could launch only sporadic assaults that were easily beaten off by the rear guard. LIFE Photographer Duncan reported that "within that wall of fire, life was probably safer for a man in uniform than almost any other spot on earth. On one typical cold day more soldiers died from the effects of radiator antifreeze whisky than from enemy bullets, and at that the loss of life was but eight."

The X Corps was not heading for home, or for Japan or for much rest. It was on its way to join General Ridgway's Eighth Army, which was bracing itself near the 38th Parallel for a Chinese offensive that was expected momentarily.



ARMY'S GUNS, 155-mm howitzers, fire barrages in support of attacked outpost defenses thousands

of yards toward hills in front of them. Navy Corsair (left) is returning to carrier after bombing mission.



COMMUNIST DEAD were among 81 killed near perimeter by shells fired from guns in picture above.

They are being examined, the morning after their attack, by scouts of 65th Puerto Rican Regiment.



ON THE BEACH engineer and transport units of the Army's 7th Division load supplies and vehicles

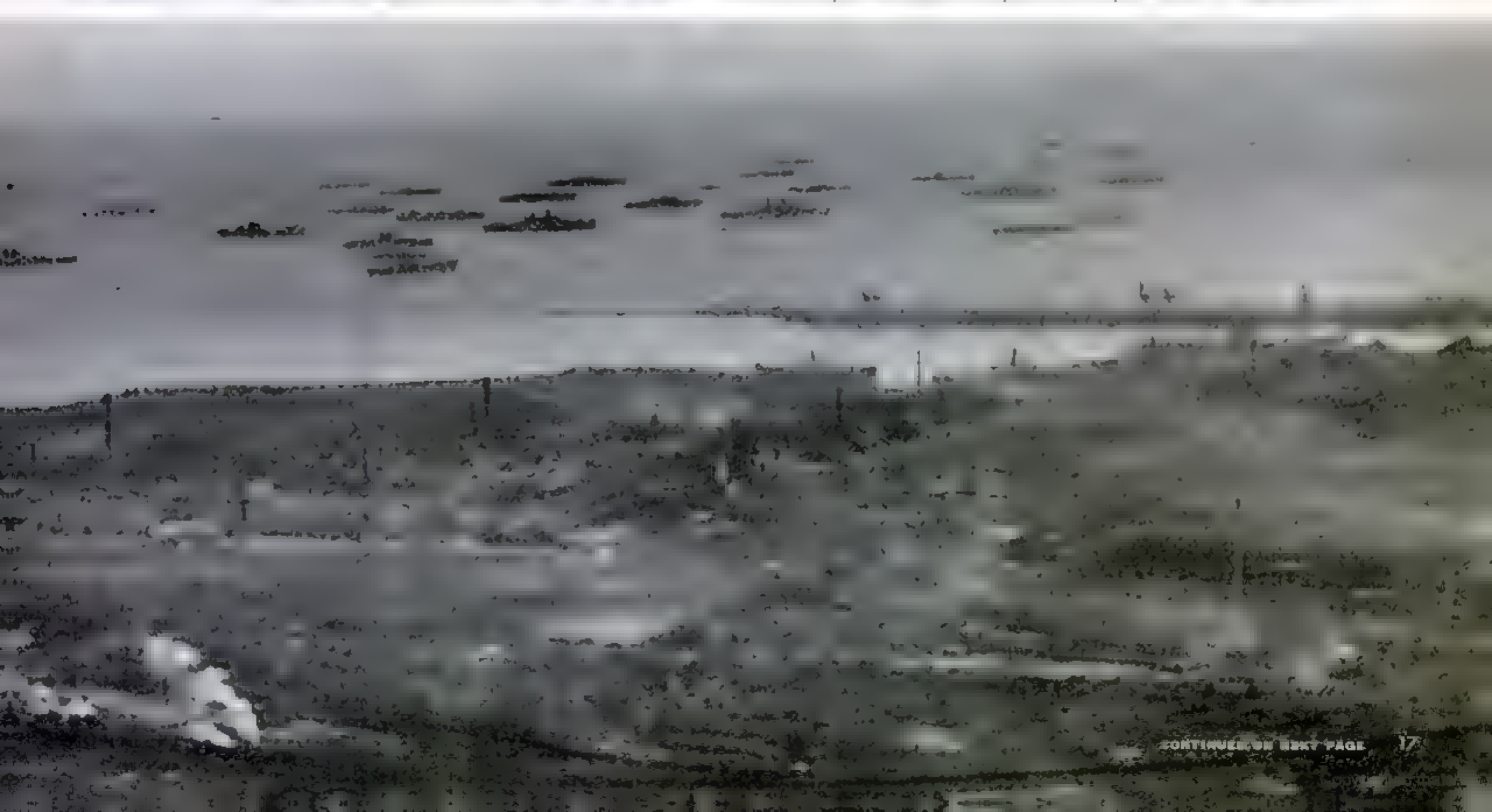
through gaping bow doors and into the roomy holds of the Navy's LSTs, which are ocean-going vessels.





HORDES OF KOREANS, some wearing U.S. helmets they had found, want to be herded on Victory ship near Iirackground. Waiting crowd of refugees; Duran observed that "it seemed as though everyone wanted to leave and did."

THE BEACHHEAD presented a strangely orderly scene. Train at lower left carries supplies to the docks. In the center are bombed-out industrial plants; in the bay transports waiting for troops, and warships waiting for cargo missions.



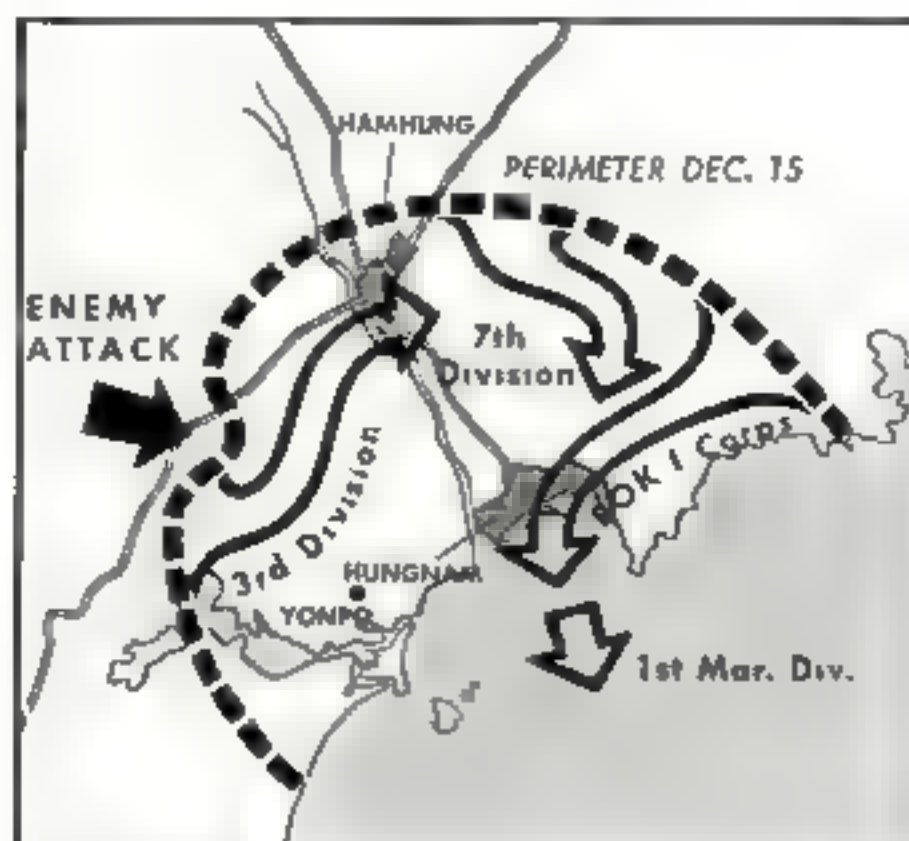


A CHILD CRIES (above) when she is told that her home must be destroyed to prepare defenses. She refuses to look (below) as bulldozers go to work.

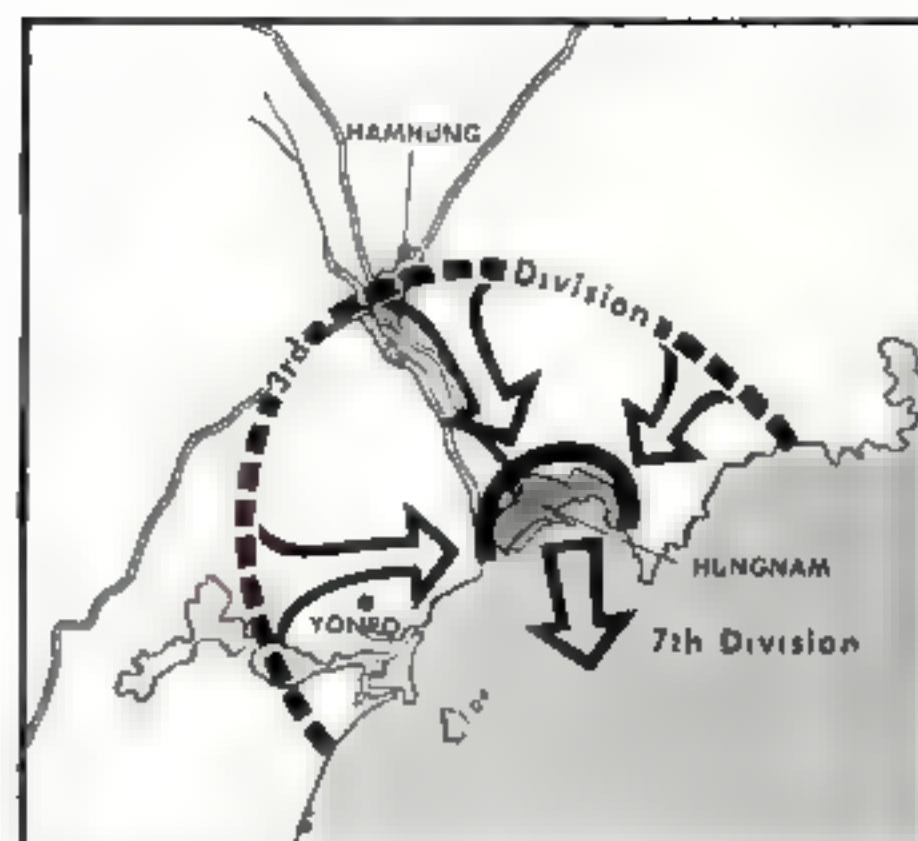


CENTER OF HUNGNAM, AS LAST SOLDIERS PREPARED TO LEAVE, WAS MOSTLY GUTTED FACTORIES. TWISTED GIRDERS AND SMOKELESS CHIMNEYS. THE MAIN

Evacuation CONTINUED



FIRST PERIMETER HELD ENEMY FAR FROM PORT



FINAL PERIMETER BARELY ENCIRCLED HUNGNAM

ONE FOR THE BOOK: AN INVASION IN REVERSE

The orders from Tokyo to General Almond's X Corps to evacuate northeastern Korea came through Hungnam on Dec. 9. U.S. commanders had to improvise an operation—a historic "redeployment by sea," i.e., an amphibious invasion in reverse. Their first step was to establish a perimeter about 12 miles deep to protect their evacuation port (map above, left). This perimeter was manned by the 3rd and 7th U.S. Army Divisions and the two smaller divisions of the Republic of Korea I Corps. Inside Hungnam defenses were constructed in case the Chinese broke through the outer lines.

Even as the initial perimeter was formed, 109 transports began the enormous task of evacuation. First to go by Dec. 15 was the hard-hit 1st Marine Division followed by ROK I Corps by the 17th. As the number of men left on the cold, bleak hills decreased, more and more firepower was brought to bear by Navy cruisers and destroyers arriving offshore. From seven carriers Navy and Marine planes averaged about

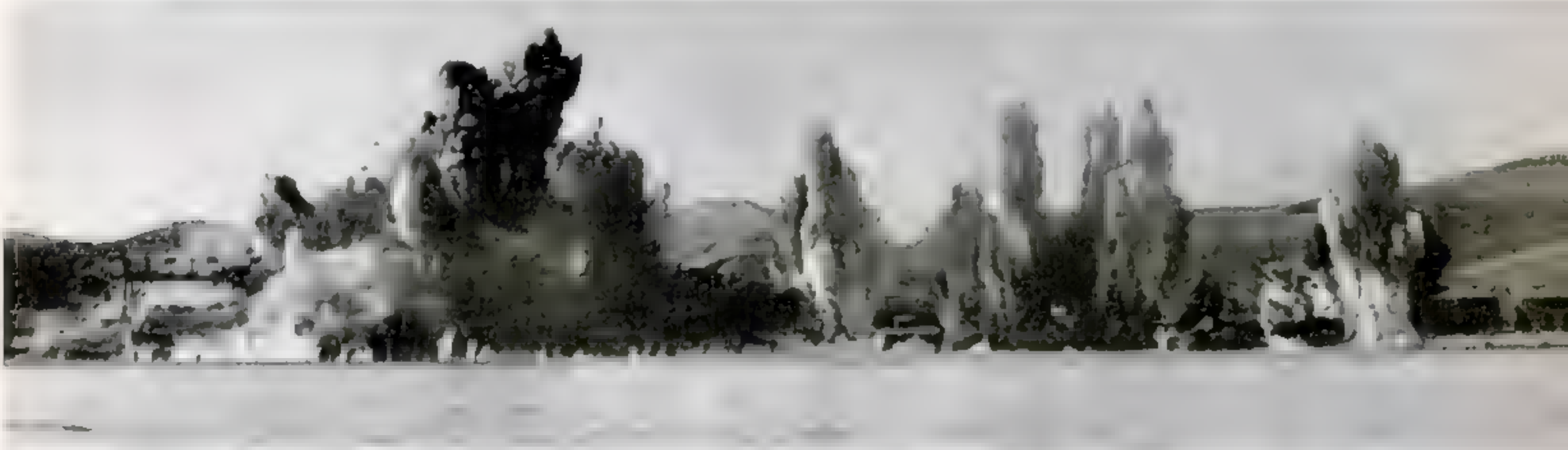
500 sorties a day. Night was the critical time, but with the beachhead brilliantly lit by Navy star shells, Chinese attacks were spotted and then smashed by Army and Navy guns, which fired more than 10,000 shells a night.

By Dec. 21 the 7th Division had loaded and sailed, and only the 3rd remained on the perimeter. They pulled back to a tight line in the outskirts of Hungnam (map above, right) for the final phase, with the additional support of the nine 16-inch guns of the newly arrived battleship *Missouri*. By noon of the 24th only 3,000 men were still ashore. Demolition charges had been set so that nothing usable would be left. At 2.36 p.m. the last 200 men marched down to the docks. Calmly sergeants called the roll. When all were "present or accounted for," the last man left Hungnam. Then the Chinese began to creep over the hills. Minutes later demolition men threw the switch, and in one massive explosion Hungnam's waterfront was blown sky high. The campaign in North Korea was over.



LAST TROOPS (*above*) leave the Hungnam beachhead in amtracs (*foreground*) and head out for the big transports which are lying at anchor on the horizon. Photographer Duncan left in one of the next boats in order to take the picture below.

EXPLOSION (*below*) rocks Hungnam's waterfront after all troops have left. Navy demolition teams did a very thorough job on docks of what had been one of Korea's better ports. Final U.N. perimeter and rested on hills in background.

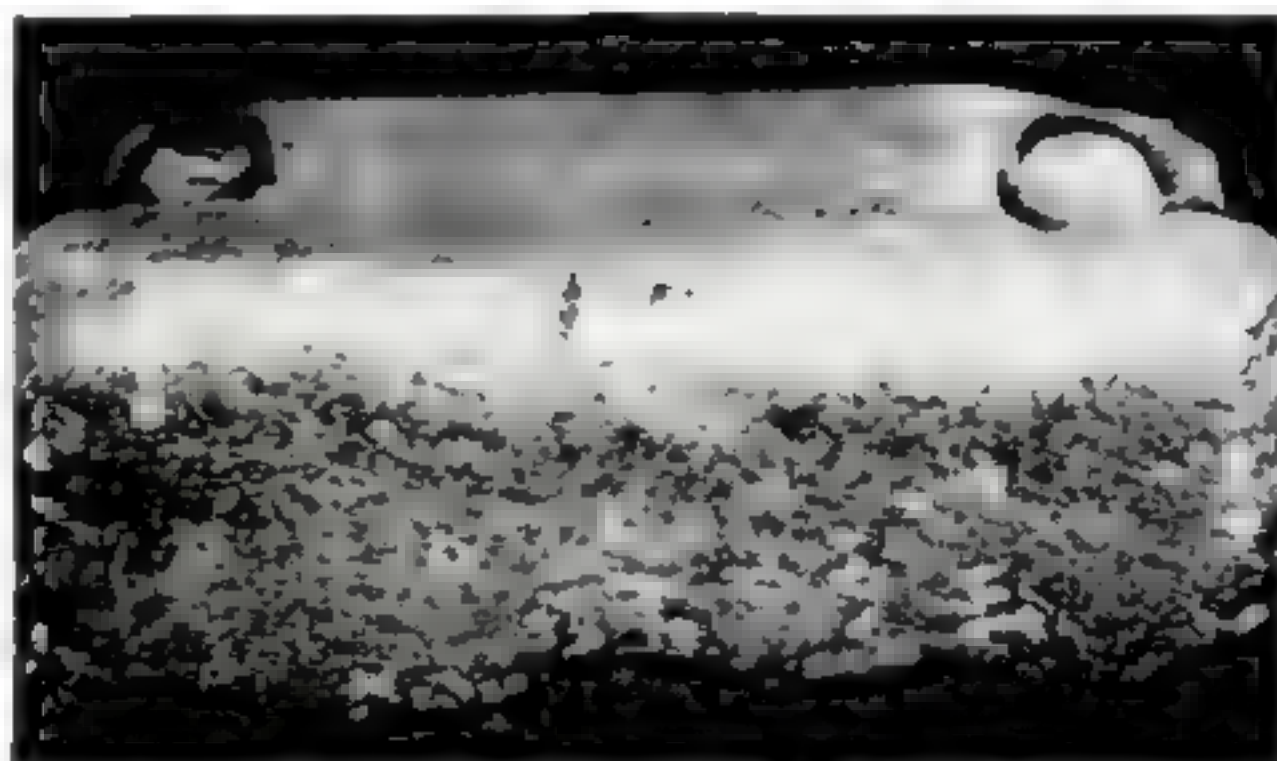


HARBOR IS DESERTED EXCEPT FOR TWO LANDING CRAFT TIED TO THE DOCK (RIGHT, CENTER) WAITING FOR DEMOLITION MEN TO FINISH THEIR WORK





AS JACOB'S PILLOW, the Stone of Scone was, by Scottish legend, biblical prophet's headrest when he had vision of angels climbing to heaven on a ladder.



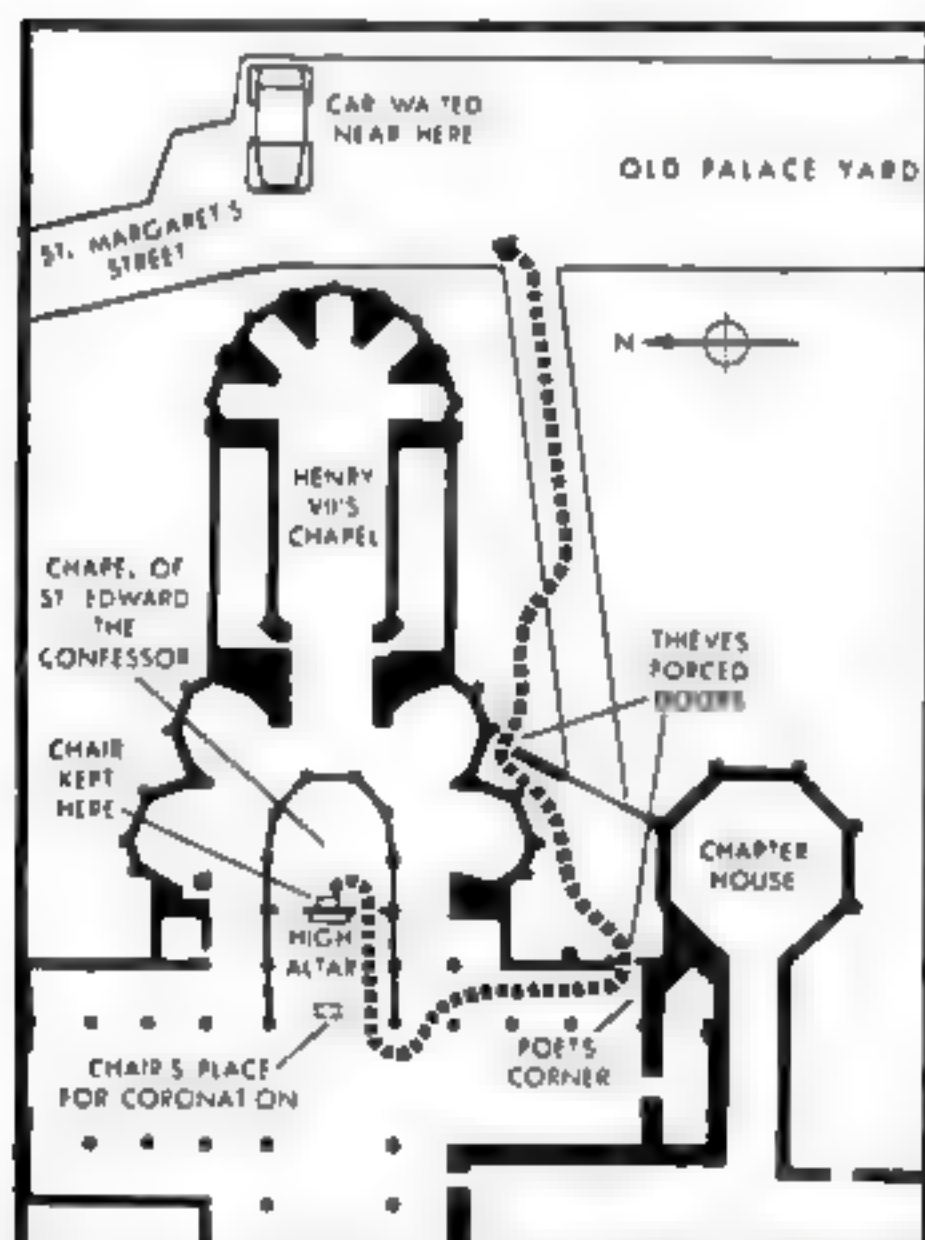
THE STONE OF SCONE, a sandstone block, is 26 inches long and 16 inches wide, weighs 485 pounds, has been unfeelingly valued at about 35¢ at current stone prices. Two iron rings were attached to it centuries ago.



VICTORIOUS KING of Scotland, Kenneth II, set up stone to mark conquest in 840 A.D.

WHERE IS THE STONE OF SCONE?

The ancient symbol of British kings is stolen from Westminster Abbey in the middle of a holy night



DOTTED LINE SHOWS HOW THIEVES MOVED STONE

The English were awakened from their Dec. 26 Boxing Day holiday by a piece of jolting news: early on Christmas morning the Stone of Scone (pronounced skoon) had been stolen from Westminster Abbey. This piece of sandstone was a priceless national treasure: it had rested under the chair in which, for 600 years, every English monarch (except Bloody Mary in 1553) had been crowned. Rushing to the abbey, Scotland Yard's shrewdest operatives reconstructed the crime, as shown on map at left. The thieves had hidden there on Christmas Eve, and some time after midnight, when the creaking of the ancient beams and the fluttering of sparrows in the rafters would hide the noise of their movements, they pulled out the stone, dragged it past the Poets' Corner and outside to a waiting car. There were few clues: an archdeacon recalled an unseemly singing outside the abbey, perhaps to cover the crooks; a bobby had come upon a couple with broad Scottish accents, courting in a car at a late hour; the initials "JFS" were carved in the coronation chair. The police deduced that the letters stood for

"Justice for Scotland" and, putting everything else together, decided it was the work of super-patriotic Scottish nationalists.

The stone had come from Scotland 654 years ago, after England's Edward I had defeated a Scottish king. The Scots had, by legend, got the stone from the Irish some centuries before. Other legends traced the stone back through Spain and Egypt to the Holy Land, where it was supposed to have been Jacob's pillow (above left). For centuries the Scots have been yammering for the stone's return, and it had become a symbol of home rule for the noisy but ineffectual groups of Scottish nationalists.

Though the Dean of Westminster bitterly decried the theft as sacrilege, the British people after their first shock took it calmly. Some London newspapers even suggested that if the Scots wanted the stone so badly, they ought to get it back. But then another claimant burst in. Contending that the Scots themselves held dubious title to the stone, some belligerent Irishmen demanded that it go back where it really belonged, not to Scotland but to Ireland.



DEJECTED DETECTIVES retrace route taken by thieves through gate outside Poets' Corner to spot where accomplices presumably were waiting in car.



AGING LEADER in Nationalist movement, Duke of Montrose, remarked, "If it be true our ancient stone of destiny is on its way back, I do not regret it."



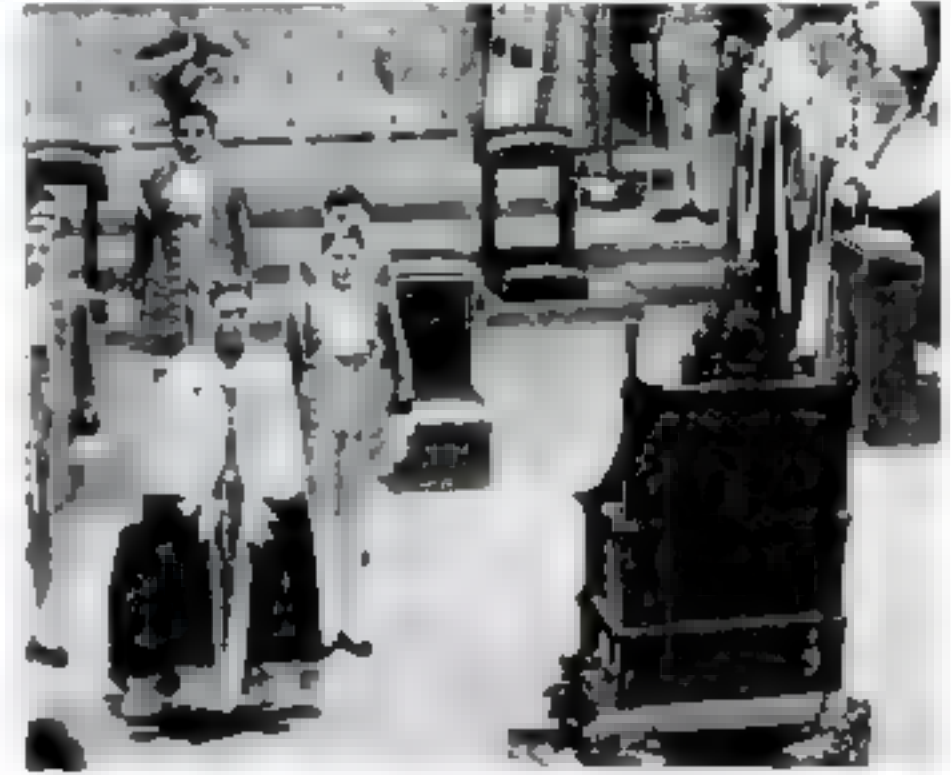
FIERY NATIONALIST, Wendy Wood, 57, holds up the ancient flag of Scotland to celebrate theft. "The stone was retrieved, not stolen," she chortled



STONE'S CAPTOR, Edward I (*left*) accepts surrender of King John de Baliol after battle of 1296 in which English defeated Scots and took away stone.



ONLY REMOVAL of stone prior to theft from abbey came when it was moved to Westminster Hall for Cromwell's installation as Lord Protector in 1657.



LAST OFFICIAL use of the Stone of Scone came in 1937 when George VI sat in the royal chair with the stone beneath it during his coronation ceremonies.



CORONATION CHAIR WITH STONE WAS FAVORITE SIGHT FOR ABBEY VISITORS



WITH STONE GONE, ABBEY OFFICIAL INSPECTS SPLINTERED EDGE OF SEAT



WATERY SEARCH for stone, on tip that later proved false, kept police dragging London's Serpentine. Police fished up rusty safe, abandoned years ago by more conventional crooks, and a stone of proper size but no historic distinction.



BORDER WATCH was kept at roads entering Scotland, where authorities inspect car for stone. All automobiles, airplanes and even farm wagons were halted by police in belief thieves would head immediately northward with their prize.



BAKED BIRDS ON A WIRE

The hazards of winter and of civilization were too much for these unfortunate starlings. When

a heavy storm struck the countryside around Franklin, Ky., the starlings (a kind of blackbird)

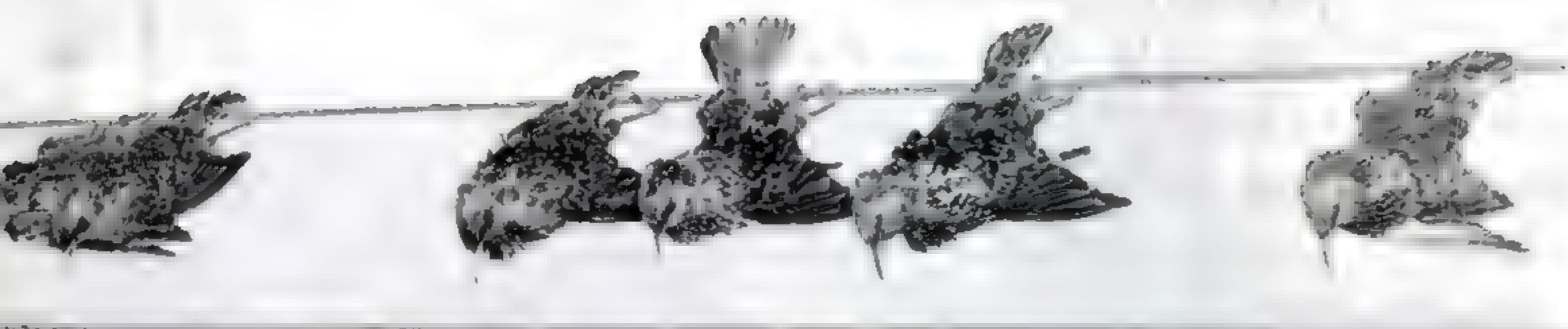


CHILI COMING UP What he needed, Harry Truman decided, was a good bowl of chili. He was driving out of Kansas City, en route to Independence for Christmas, and Dixon's Chili Parlor, noted for the subtle piquancy of its specialty, was nearby. Surrounded by Secret Service men, the President strode in and ordered plates of chili and tamales for his party, then

asked for beer. Dixon's no longer serves beer as it did when Harry Truman was a Missouri senator, but the proprietor ran out to a bar and, in mild violation of Kansas City liquor laws, returned with some Budweiser. While old crony Fred Canfil (to right of President, *above*) and his guards joined him, the President emptied plate and bottle, called for the check, which the proprietress insisted on tearing up, and left.



MIRACLE IN CANADA The Canadian Pacific Airlines Flight 4, a 65-minute run from Vancouver to Penticton, had twice taken off, twice returned. Once the landing gear would not retract, next time the wings had iced. But on its third try the plane got off and after 55 minutes, with Penticton now almost in sight, the DC-3 wheeled over Okanagan Mountain to



picked this spot to rest. The weight of the closely grouped birds, added to the weight of the wet

wire, bore them down until two wires touched. When linemen came to repair damage, they

found the wires separated but the starlings electrocuted—13 frozen blackbirds baked on a wire.



start the long descent through ragged clouds to the airport. The passengers, 10 women and five men flying home for Christmas, began to breathe easier. Suddenly there were trees just below. They heard the ominous "snuk-snuk" of boughs slapping the plane's belly, saw sheared treetops fly out like grass from a lawnmower. They threw arms across their faces in panic; the motors roared out in a desperate thrust for

altitude. With a crash the plane hit something, pivoted—and stopped dead. The passengers were thrown forward but, except for bruises or black eyes, unhurt. In the crushed pilot's compartment the pilot was dead, the copilot dying. For some reason no one will ever know, they had been flying 3,000 feet below approved altitude. Ten hours later search planes spotted the DC-3 near which survivors had written "Doc" in the



snow, meaning "doctor needed." One of the first rescuers to reach it was Allan Butler, shown above with his sister, who was on the plane. Next night all the passengers were in Penticton, alive and wordlessly grateful to the mountainside's Christmas trees that had slowed the faltering airplane to a relatively safe landing and made it the first commercial crash in history which killed both pilots but not a single passenger.



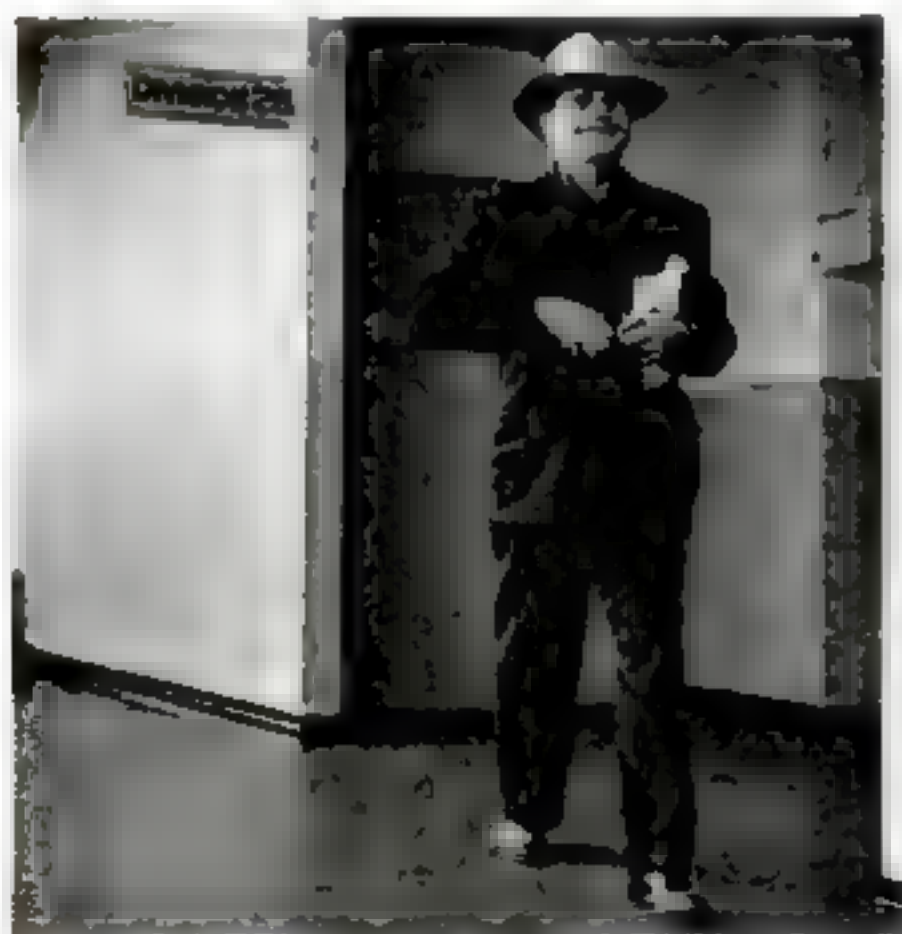
STILL RELATIVELY BLISSFUL BUT DUE FOR AN UNHAPPY AWAKENING, SOME OF THE 1,200 ANGELENOS CHARGED WITH DRUNKENNESS SLEEP IT OFF IN THE TANK

LOS ANGELES LOSES A WEEKEND

Perhaps it was the widespread feeling that this would be the last Christmas worth celebrating for a long time. Perhaps it was general prosperity or perhaps just one of those spells of mass hysteria to which Southern California is so delicately susceptible. In any event Los Angeles this year staged the biggest Yule binge in its history. Over the Christmas weekend Los Angeles police arrested nearly 1,200 drunks, 215

of them behind the wheels of cars. First they went to jail to sleep it off; then, on the day after Christmas, shamed, sober and shaky they filed into Division 28 (below), the city's traffic court. Usual punishment was \$150 fine or 30 days, but before he meted it out, Judge Wallace Toelle had to listen to a variety of excuses, ranging from the familiar ("Just one shot of bourbon with a friend") to the strikingly original ("Judge,

my car got run into by a drunken pedestrian"). At the end of the first day's hearings Los Angeles' lost weekend had cost it \$4,600 in fines alone, and a court officer expressed what was in the guilty minds of many citizens: "These are only the guys who got caught." A local columnist strained for a more cheerful note. Among those arrested for drunken driving this year, he noted, there was not one Hollywood celebrity.



SHAKY MAN, who said he never before had taken a drink and had been driving 30 years without any difficulties, pleaded to retain his driving license so he could earn his living, was fined \$125, retained license.



TEARFUL WOMAN, charged with driving her car onto a fire hydrant, claimed that she had not driven it there at all but merely happened to be sitting in it. The court pondered, then granted her a continuance.



REMORSEFUL YOUTH, shown here with a girl bystander, said that he had been on location with a movie company, joined others in drinks, then "I don't know what came over me." He gratefully paid his fine.

V-8 has Lively Flavor and Goodness

no single juice can match!

*V-8 Vegetable Juices
is a delicious blend
of 8 juices in one drink!

V-8 FOR
VITAMINS
V-8 FOR
VITALITY

Richard Widmark Gives Beginner "Build Up" Secret

PANEL 1: I GUESS SKING ISN'T FOR ME. EVEN IN THIS AIR I FEEL UNDER PAR.

PANEL 2: WELL JOE, WHEN YOU EAT LIKE A CANARY, HOW CAN YOU FEEL RIGHT? YOU NEED A REAL APPETIZER, LIKE V-8 TO STEP UP YOUR APPETITE.

PANEL 3: SA-AY, THIS V-8 IS GREAT! I NEVER TASTED A JUICE WITH SUCH LIVELY FLAVOR.

PANEL 4: THAT'S WHY I THINK V-8 IS TOPS. NO SINGLE JUICE CAN MATCH IT FOR FLAVOR AND GOODNESS.

NEXT DAY—

PANEL 5: MAN, O'MAN, I FEEL GREAT THIS MORNING. THANKS TO V-8 AND THAT HUGE BREAKFAST LET'S TRY THE BIG HILL THIS TIME.

PANEL 6: OKAY, LET'S GO!

PANEL 7: AND REMEMBER, EVERYBODY—MOM, DAD AND THE KIDS—WE'LL ALL LOVE V-8. AND IT'S GOOD FOR THEM TOO, WITH 8 DIFFERENT VEGETABLE JUICES IN EVERY GLASS.

PANEL 8: V-8 COCKTAIL VEGETABLE JUICES

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF Campbell's Soups
V-8 is a trademark owned in the United States by Campbell Soup Company, or a brand by Campbell Soup Company Ltd.

*You'll marvel
THAT A DISH SO GOOD
TAKES ONLY 5 MINUTES!*



**Company
Treat...as nourishing as it is delicious!**

Vegetable-Beef Soup
Franco-American Spaghetti
Grapefruit Halves
Coffee

There's a supper so delicious
your guests are sure to enjoy it.
Yet it's ready in minutes.

You'll find it pays in many
ways to keep Franco-American
Spaghetti in hand. Not just for
company, but for school day
lunches, shopping day meals -
any occasion that calls for good,
nourishing food. That fine, tender

Franco-American Spaghetti - in
its savory sauce of rich red tomat-
oes, tangy Cheddar cheese and
eight other choice ingredients -
lure the spot with everybody!

When you have a little extra
time, use Franco-American as a
base for special dishes, too. For
example, add boiled carrot slices
and tiny white onions to Franco-
American Spaghetti, then garnish
with grated hard-boiled egg and
a dash of paprika or pepper.

Get some Franco-American
Spaghetti at your grocer's—soon!



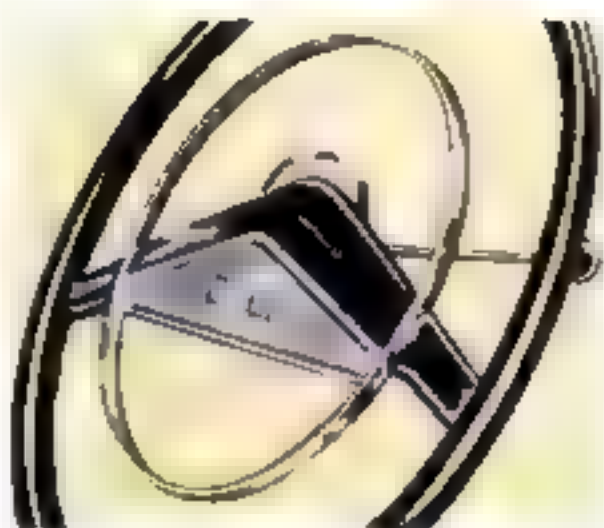
**Franco-American
SPAGHETTI**



It's the new '51 FORD...built for the



Automatic Ride Control . . . A new and unique springing system which automatically adjusts spring reaction to road conditions. Automatic Ride Control includes Advanced "Hydra-Coil" Front Springs and new "Variable-Rate" Rear Spring Suspension. Both team with new "Viscous Control" Shock Absorbers to give you a relaxing ride, a level ride—no bounce, no pitch, no roll! It's easy on the passengers . . . easy on the car!



New Fordomatic Drive . . . Here's flashing "jet-away" performance at starts and on the road! The mistake-proof Semaphore Drive Selector, a Ford exclusive, insures proper drive selection day or night. Economy is in the Ford tradition . . . full mileage from every gallon of gasoline!



New Double-Seal King-Size Brakes . . . They're double-sealed to keep out water and dirt . . . to give smooth, dependable stopping under all weather conditions. Actually, they use part of the car's forward momentum to cut braking effort 35%—*automatically!*



New Key-Turn Starting . . . Just turn the ignition key to the right—your engine starts. No reaching for a button—no stretching for a starter pedal. It's one of the "Look Ahead" features that will make driving easier and more fun in the '51 Ford—for years to come!



New "Luxury Lounge" Interior . . . With new long-wearing Fordcraft fabrics, new "harmonized" appointments and fittings, "Colorblend" carpeting . . . Ford's "Luxury Lounge" Interiors are "decorator-designed" for both fashion and function for the years to come. Upholstery and trim are "color-keyed" to outside body color!



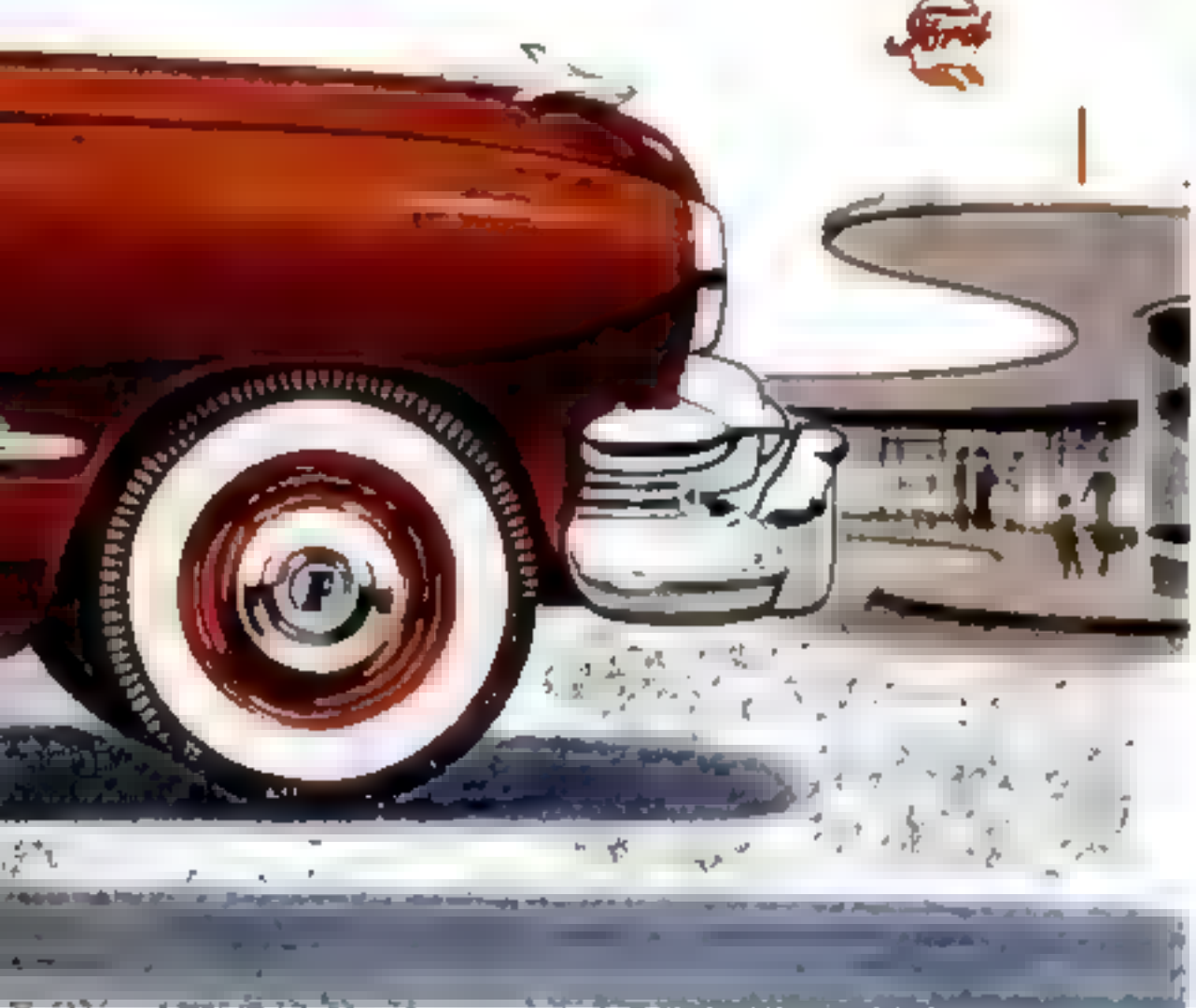
Automatic Mileage Maker . . . Matches timing to fuel charges so that every drop of gasoline is used—none wasted. New Waterproof Ignition System prevents engine being shorted out by moisture



New "Safety-Glow" Control Panel . . . Easy to reach, easy to read! A new, beautiful and advanced design places everything you need literally at your fingertips—even the ashtray. New "Chanalited" Instrument Cluster has all gauges located inside the speedometer scale for easy readability. Speed indicator has ring at end which circles traveling speed in red—glows at night. Controls have individual "Glow-Cup" lighting for night driving convenience.

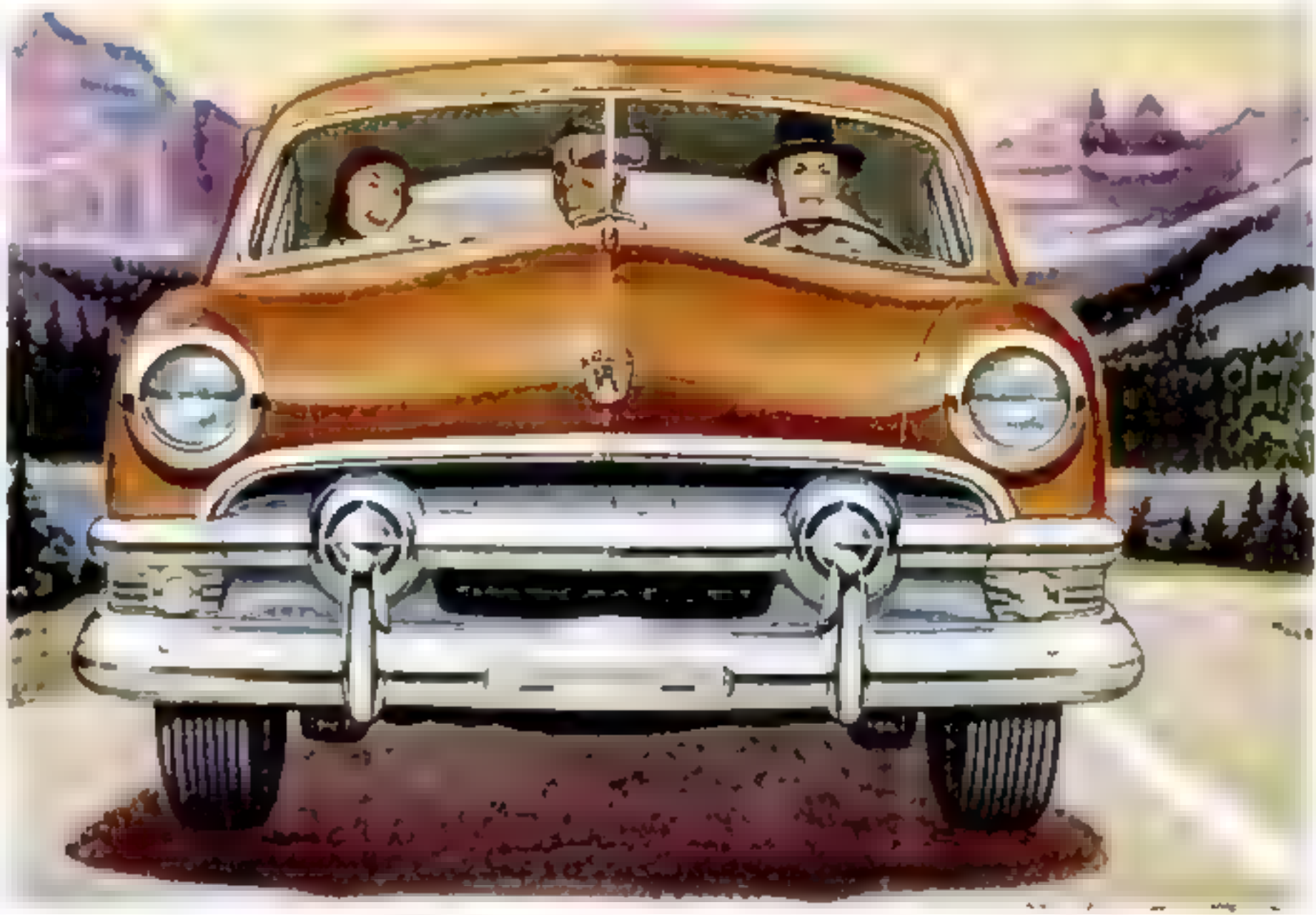
BUILT TO STAY IN STYLE

Here's "Look Ahead" fashion car styling—inside and out! The '51 Ford is designed to stay "right" for the years to come. You'll say that no car is better looking, better finished, better built!



THE EASIEST CAR TO DRIVE

With new Fordomatic Drive, 92% of ordinary driving motions are eliminated! Just flick the Key-Turn Starter, set the Semaphore Selector at Drive (Dr) and step on the gas. You shift no gears... you push no clutch!



Years Ahead!

With 43 "Look Ahead" features
and the new **FORDomatic Drive***

Here's the car designed and built for the years ahead!

It's the '51 Ford—the *newest* Ford, the *finest* Ford! It offers Fordomatic Drive, the newest, most flexible, most completely automatic of all transmissions! And it brings you 43 new "Look Ahead" features—features that represent years of progressive planning and testing... in the laboratory and on the road!

These new "Look Ahead" features, along with many others traditional to Ford, are designed to keep the '51 Ford in style, to keep it young, to keep it thrifty... not just for this year and next, but for the years ahead!

"Test Drive" the '51 Ford at your Ford Dealer's today.

*Optional at extra cost.

THRIFTY... YEAR AFTER YEAR

Ford's Automatic Mileage Maker, another "Look Ahead" feature, stretches gas every mile... makes starting easier, too. What's more, it gives you high-compression performance on regular gasoline.



When you buy for the future
buy the

'51 FORD

THE FAMILY'S PRIDE AND JOY!

"fresh up" with Seven-Up!



BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

Family birthdays like little Karen's are times when crystal-clear 7-Up adds extra smiles to family fun. Karen's a 7-Up "Steady" like her sister and her parents. She enjoys 7-Up often because her mother knows that sparkling, tempting 7-Up—the *all-family* drink—is so pure . . . so good . . . so completely wholesome.

All ages like the fresh, clean taste of 7-Up. Join the happy millions of "fresh up" families. Let the bright 7-Up signs in your neighborhood remind you to buy a case of 7-Up for your family soon.



Copyright 1954 by The Seven-Up Company



You like it... it likes you!

KEEP A CASE AT HOME for your family and guests!





WITH SISTERS AND BROTHER AROUND HER, BERTHA HERTOIGH (CENTER) HAPPILY RETURNS GREETINGS OF TOWNSPEOPLE WELCOMING HER TO HER DUTCH HOME

THE TWO WORLDS OF BERTHA HERTOIGH

A Dutch girl brought up as a Moslem goes to a home she never knew

In the small Dutch town of Bergen-op-Zoom, a pretty, 13-year-old girl smiled broadly last week, and to her sympathetic neighbors and fellow burghers this was very good news. The smile seemed to say that bewildered little Bertha Hertogh, a child of two worlds, was going to be happy after all. This was not easy, for Bertha's story was one of the strangest, unhappiest stories Bergen-op-Zoom had ever heard.

Bertha was one of six children of a Dutch army sergeant, Adriaanus Hertogh, and his wife, who were living in Java when the Japanese invaded in 1942. When the parents were interned, a Moslem acquaintance named Che Aminah, with whom 5-year-old Bertha had been visiting, simply kept the child. From 1945, when they were freed, until 1949 Bertha's parents

heard no more of her. Then came word Bertha had been found living with Che Aminah in a Malay village. When Che Aminah refused to give up Bertha, the Hertoghs last spring sought help from the British court in Singapore. Instead the court authorities awarded Bertha to the Moslem nurse as foster mother and four days later the nurse gave Bertha in marriage to a 22-year-old Moslem schoolteacher. Shocked, Mrs. Hertogh flew from Holland to Singapore and filed an appeal to the Supreme Court, which a month ago decided in her favor—but not without trouble in Singapore. There angry Moslem mobs rioted (p. 32) in protest against the loss of the 13-year-old bride. But as they rioted, Bertha was spirited off to an airplane, bound for the snowy new world of Bergen-op-Zoom.



NEWLY MARRIED Bertha and her 22-year-old Moslem husband happily inspect wedding presents.

Fast, Effective Help for HEADACHE

Upset Stomach-Jumpy Nerves



BROMO-SELTZER IS READY TO GO TO WORK AT ONCE TO FIGHT HEADACHE THREE WAYS

Get effective relief from headache misery fast with Bromo-Seltzer. It effervesces instantly—faster than any tablet product you've ever tried—ready to go to work at once to:

1. Relieve headache pain.
2. Neutralize excess stomach acidity.
3. Quiet jittery, lumpy nerves.

For best results, use cold water. Follow the label, avoid excessive use. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your druggist's today. A product of Emerson Drug Co.

BROMO-SELTZER



*weather rain
weather fair*

VENIDAS ALWAYS HOLD YOUR HAIR

Daily use saves hours of redoing time—keeps your hair the way you set it. Buy Venidas by the dozen and economize!

Colors 20c } single or double mesh { Grey, white 25c
12 for \$2.25 } 12 for \$2.75

Hand made of human hair, there's a Venida net for every hairdo, every hair shade, every occasion every day. An indispensable accessory. Yet only YOU know you're wearing it!

At drug and dept. stores
VENIDA
The Guaranteed
HAIR NET
rules the waves



WITH MOSLEM FRIENDS Bertha and her husband, standing behind her, celebrate their marriage which was arranged by Che Aminah, her foster mother (second from

left). Ceremony took place four days after Che Aminah won custody of Bertha in first round of court battle, later was denounced by the Singapore court as a legal maneuver.



CLUTCHING HANDS of Che Aminah (right) and a sympathetic friend, Bertha, attired in customary native Malay dress, walks into the courtroom for hearing which will settle her future.



IN TEARS, Bertha clings tightly to foster mother as her own mother tries to talk with her. "I am a Moslem," Bertha cried. "I have made my choice."



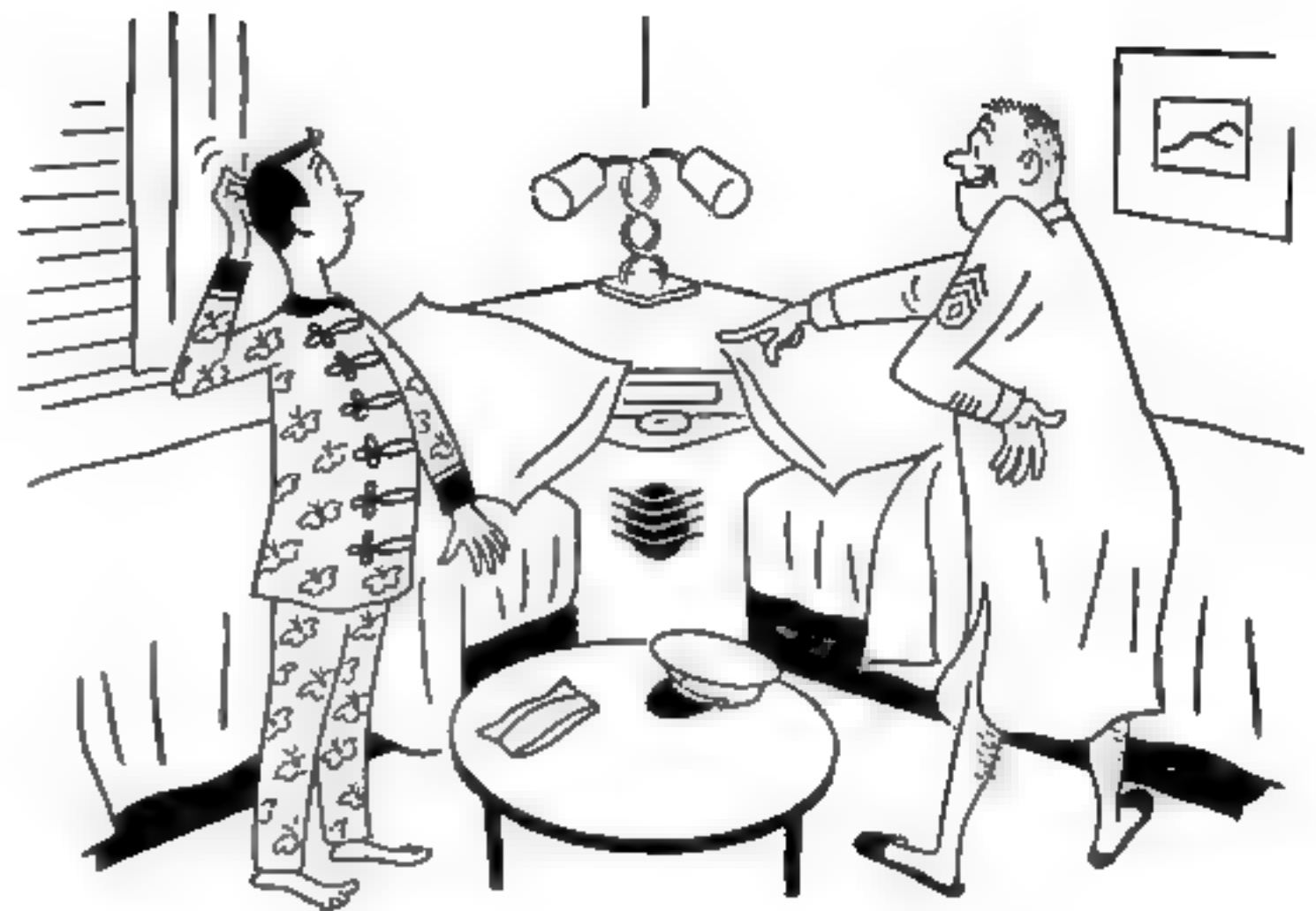
IN A CATHOLIC CONVENT, where she was placed by court until ruling was handed down, she relaxes by playing piano for mother and nun.



GRIEVING HUSBAND (right) waits disconsolately for court's decision with an angry friend in home he had provided for Bertha. Young couple had lived there for two months after their marriage.



1. The Sergeant and the Private marched in the Statler's door.
 "Attention!" barked the Sergeant, "while I tell you the score.
 The Statler is a friendly place, and as you'll shortly see,
 They really treat you like a guest." The Private said: "Who, me?"



2. "Observe the Statler bed," said Sarge. "How wide, how long, how deep:
 Eight hundred built-in springs and more insure a good night's sleep.
 Just 'hit the sack' at Statler and your pleasant dreams begin."
 "You're SO right, Sarge," the Private said. "Now come and tuck me in!"



3. A scaring sight next morning was the Sergeant's scorching wrath
 At finding he'd been beaten to the steaming Statler bath.
 "Don't worry, Sarge," the Private grinned. "There's soap enough for you.
 The water's always piping hot—there're lots of towels, too!"



4. "Now Statler chefs," the Sergeant smiled, "are men of great renown.
 The food they cook is just about the finest food in town.
 Eat up, my boy, it's 'top brass' food, though you're just rank and file."
 "It must be good," the Private said, "to make a Sergeant smile!"



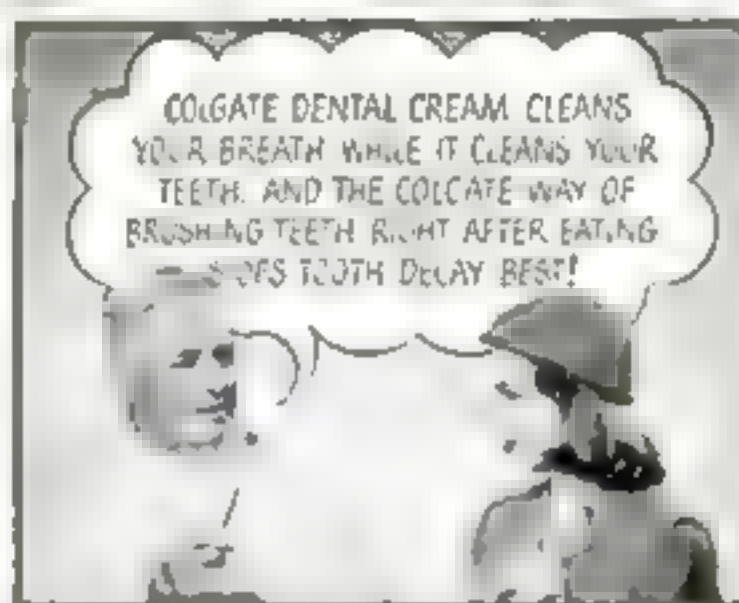
5. "At Statler there's no need," they cried, "to take a lengthy hike;
 The business districts, shops and shows are close—and *that* we like!
 In fact, in every sort of way the Statler's sure to suit you.
 Like travelers all, we think it's swell, so Statler—we salute you!"



STATLER HOTELS: NEW YORK • BOSTON • BUFFALO • DETROIT
 CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • WASHINGTON
 STATLER OPERATED: HOTEL WILLIAM PENN • PITTSBURGH

★
 ANOTHER GREAT NEW STATLER • LOS ANGELES
 (NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION • READY FOR OCCUPANCY 1932)

You Can't Spell Romance Without a M-a-n!



LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

BETTER THAN ANY OTHER WAY OF PREVENTING TOOTH DECAY ACCORDING TO PUBLISHED REPORTS!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—has proof of such results—the best results ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!

- Use Colgate Dental Cream
- ✓ To Clean Your Breath
- ✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
- ✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.



RIOTING IN SINGAPORE filled streets with burning cars, set afire by Moslem crowds demonstrating against court's annulment of Bertha's marriage. Native police made little effort to halt riots which swept city for three days.



HOME IN HOLLAND, Bertha leaves plane with mother but refuses hand of father (left), still a stranger to her. Moment before, he tried to kiss her, was rebuffed. Within two hours, however, Bertha's sullenness melted into friendliness.

Be Happy - Go Lucky!

Enjoy your cigarette! Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette - Lucky Strike!

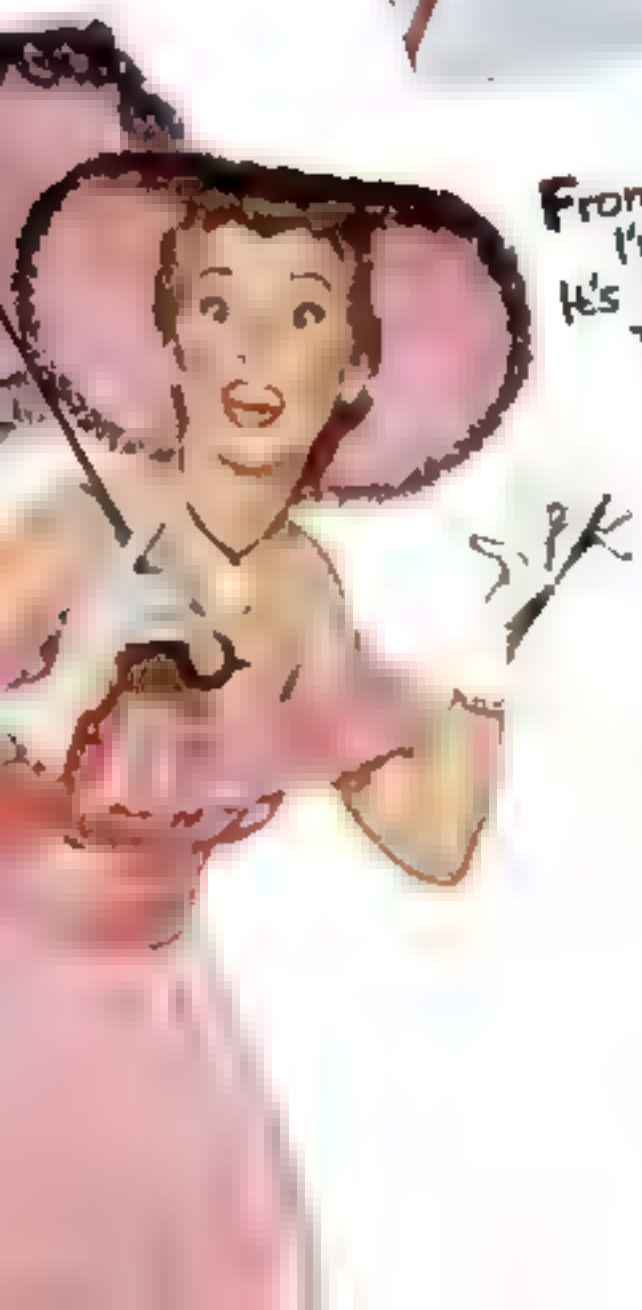
Perfect mildness? You bet. Scientific tests, confirmed by three independent consulting laboratories, prove that Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand. *Rich taste?* Yes, the full, rich taste of truly fine tobacco.

Only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So enjoy the happy blending that combines perfect mildness with a rich, true tobacco taste. Be Happy—Go Lucky!

©1938, THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

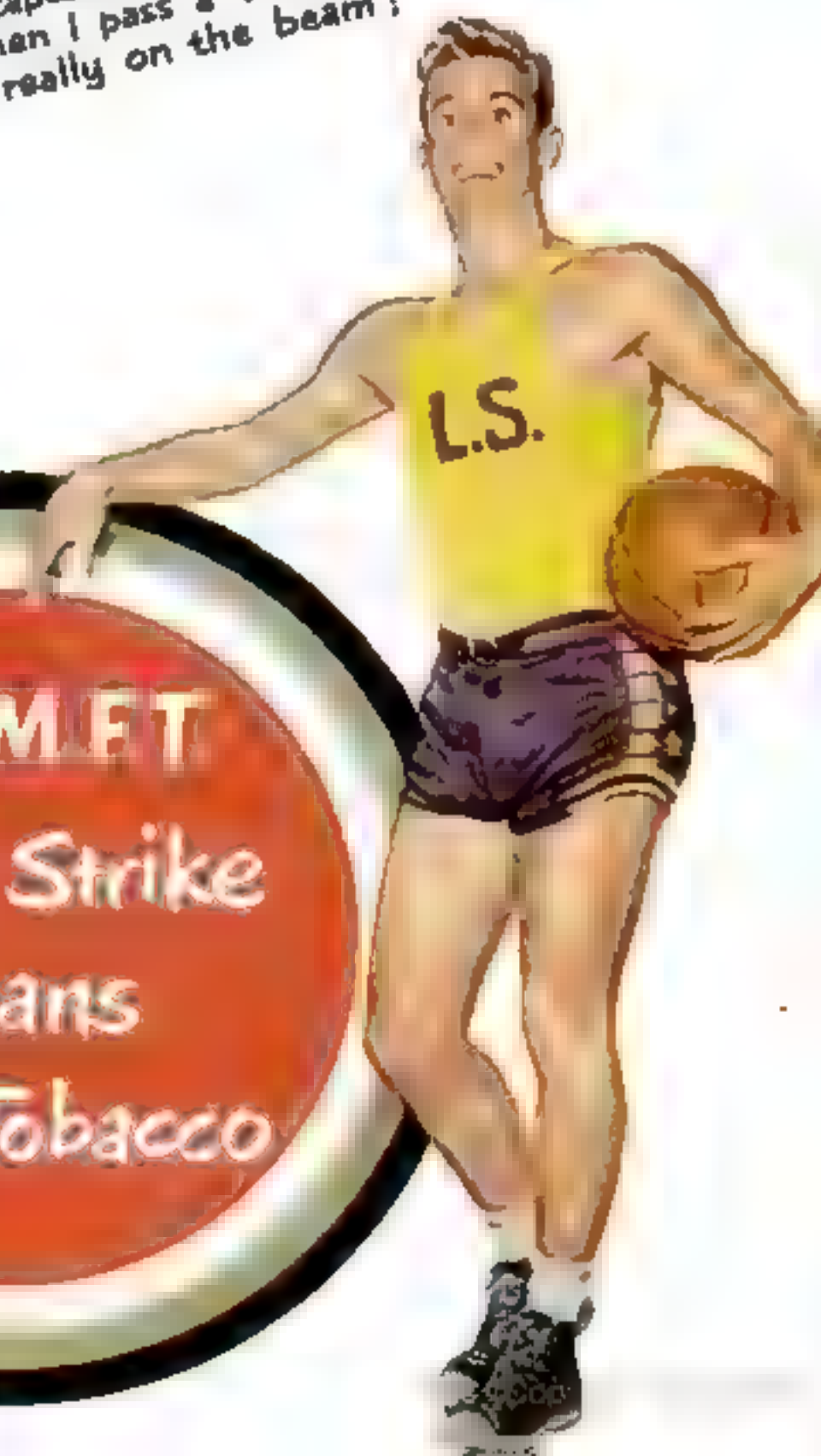
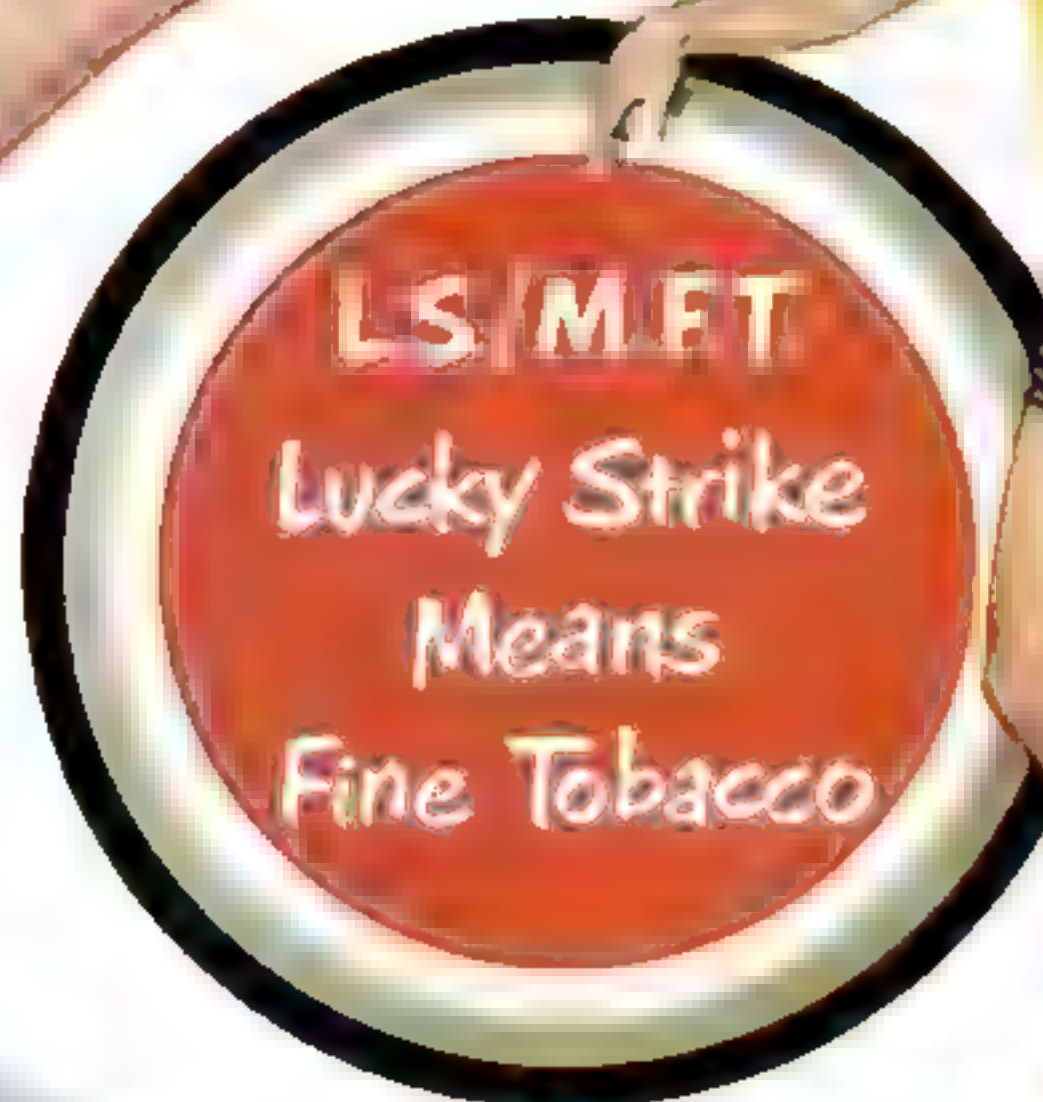


From way down South in Dixieland
I'm here to tell you-all
It's Lucky Strike the folks all like—
They're easy on the drawl!



At figure skating I'm a whiz,
Including Figure E's,
But those that I like best to cut
Are L.S./M.F.T.'s!

At passing I am quite a star,
I'm captain of the team,
But when I pass a Lucky Strike,
I'm really on the beam!

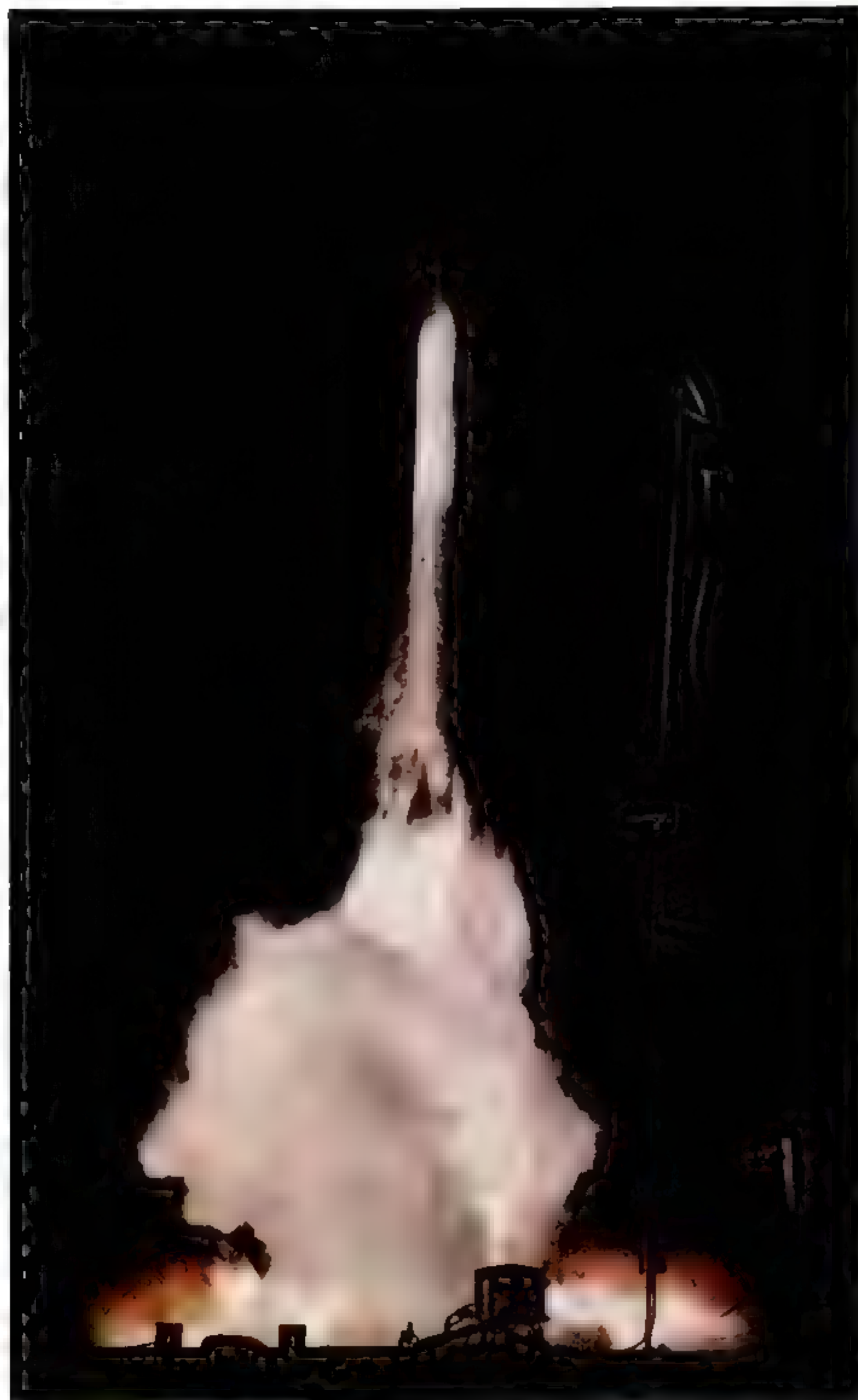


THE VIKING FLIES AT NIGHT

Remarkable photographs show rocket taking off for upper atmosphere

The Navy, which had launched Viking rockets from a sun-baked desert (LIFE, Oct. 3, 1949) and from the deck of a ship (LIFE, June 26, 1950), last month made a night launching of its 5½-ton rocket. Packed with instruments in its nose, the rocket took off from the White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico to explore the upper atmosphere, giving LIFE Photographer J. R.

Eyerman the chance to take these spectacular pictures. On this same night all the armed services took part in a coordinated project of atmosphere study. In Colorado scientists propelled sound waves upward and recorded their speed as the waves bounced back to the earth. Other scientists took photographs of racing meteors to determine the atmosphere's density.



IN A BURST OF FLAME AND SMOKE, THE NAVY'S 48-FOOT VIKING ROCKET RISES INTO THE NIGHT



EXHAUST GASES LEAVE 20-MILE PATH ACROSS SKY

You mean me?

You can easily be the very lady we have in mind. See the picture here? Did you know you can make a cake every bit as fine and luscious as this from one of the new Pillsbury Cake Mixes (White or Chocolate

Fudge)? And did you know how very, very easy it is? You merely add milk. Now that we understand one another, how about surprising your family tonight with your very own Pillsbury Cake. Yours. Yours alone.



Just add milk—



Milk is *all* you add—no eggs, flavoring, or extras of any kind required. These are complete mixes.



Remember—
You and Ann Pillsbury
can make a great team

Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

WHITE AND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

IN 1951 **AMERICAN** *sets the pace with*

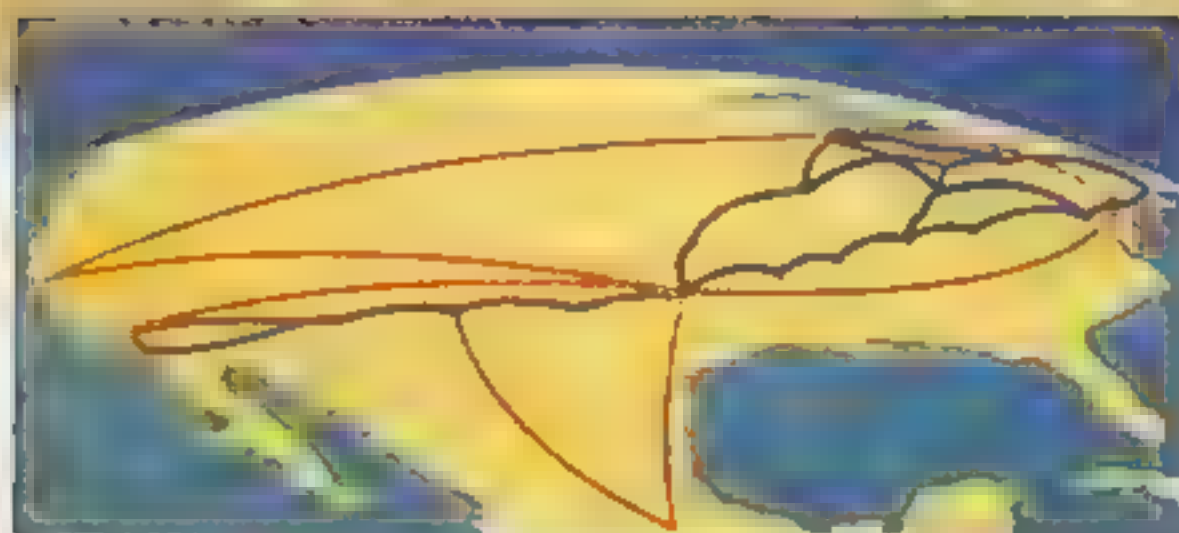


Once again — the fleet of the year is the Flagship Fleet!

To such famous Flagships as the DC-6 — the favorite of trans-continental travelers — and the popular inter-city Convair — American now adds the DC-6B Flagship, even larger, faster, and more luxurious than the DC-6 itself.

This year, as always, American is first with the finest in air transportation. Such leadership, apparent in personnel as well as equipment, explains why *American Airlines* carries more passengers than any other airline in the world.

the new DC-6B FLAGSHIP!



— DC-6 routes for long distance air travel
— Convair routes for short distance air travel

AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.

AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE



Sunday Dinner Magic with a low-cost roast

pot roasted with—

POT ROAST—Hunt Style

YOU'LL thank your lucky stars for the way Hunt's Tomato Sauce makes low-cost cuts of meat extra delicious!

It's Hunt's Kettle-simmered flavor that does the trick. All-tomato goodness—no starchy fillers! Costs just a few cents a can!

Choose the best buy in beef, according to your budget.

Get: 4 to 5 lbs. round, rump, chuck, or beef of round

Use a deep, heavy pan. Brown meat on all sides in:

1/4 cup drippings or shortening

Add: 2 medium onions, sliced
2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
2 cups water 1 tsp. salt 8 cloves
1/4 tsp. pepper 1/2 tsp. ginger

Cover tightly. Simmer over low heat 3 to 3 1/2 hours or till tender. The liquid will be rich and savory, thanks to Hunt's Tomato Sauce.

Add: 6 to 8 potatoes, pared and halved
4 to 8 carrots, halved 1 tsp. salt

Cook 30 minutes longer till tender. Then—

Get ready for just your delicious roast will serve 6 to 8 hungry people. And you'll decide to always keep Hunt's Tomato Sauce on hand—for stews, meat loaf, casseroles, spaghetti, leftovers.

Get Hunt's right away! Your grocer sells it for a few cents a can!



The only
KETTLE-SIMMERED
cooking sauce

Hunt-for the best

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, California

For breakfast or dessert...

HUNT'S HEAVENLY PEACHES



MR. ZOO



GEORGE VIERHELLER, LOVED BY MAN AND BEAST IN ST. LOUIS, VISITS HIS PERFORMING CHIMPS

NOBODY SINCE NOAH HAS KNOWN SO MANY ANIMALS SO WELL

By ERNEST HAVEMANN

ONE fine noontime George P. Vierheller, the director of the St. Louis Zoo, was riding through the city in his automobile. His companion happened to be a baby elephant named Toto, standing three feet high and weighing 268 pounds, who Vierheller had found could be accommodated nicely by removing the right front seat of his two-door sedan. In front of Washington University, Vierheller stopped for a traffic light and at that moment Toto, who had not been showing much interest in the scenery, lifted his head and poked it out the window. A group of coeds leaving the campus, with nothing on their minds but lunch, stopped in their tracks, screamed, wheeled and took off at a dead run. It took Vierheller a long time to figure out what was wrong with the girls because to him the idea of taking an elephant for an auto ride is no more startling than, say, having breakfast with a monkey, lighting a cigar for an orangutan or playing milwite to an antelope, all of which he has been doing more or less regularly for 32 years.

On one occasion Vierheller traveled east for the express purpose of investigating a young chimpanzee, rumored in the trade to be especially intelligent, who was for sale at a private estate on Long Island. As he was driven onto the grounds he saw the chimp, whose name was Mike, walking jauntily by himself along a pathway, dressed in a tweed suit, wearing a gold ring on one finger and carrying a cane. Vierheller's feelings at that moment can only be compared to those of a big-league scout who sees a high-school ballplayer pitch a no-hit game and knock six home runs. He paid \$1,000 for Mike right on the spot without asking any further questions. That night he and Mike were in a Pullman bedroom, rushing back to the zoo. At bedtime, trouble developed. Mike refused to get into the upper berth; Vierheller generously offered him the lower. Mike refused to stay there either, unless Vierheller got under the covers with him. Vierheller shrugged, put on his pajamas, turned out the lights and went to sleep.



JENNY THE ORANGUTAN FILCHES CIGAR FROM VIERHELLER

MR. ZOO CONTINUED

to the rhythm of Mike snoring gently into his left ear. "After all," Vierheller says, "I didn't want to break the animal's spirit." Later that night, as he recalls it, Vierheller was awakened in a manner that did not particularly impress him at the moment but fills him with awe every time he thinks of it now. He noted first that the lights in the bedroom were on, then that it was 3 a.m. by his watch, and next that he was alone in the bed. Finally, lifting his head, he discovered that Mike was busy using the bathroom. A moment later the lights went out; Mike climbed quietly back in bed and pulled the covers up to both their chins, and they dozed off again. It was not until next morning that Vierheller realized he had been witness to a most remarkable occurrence, impressive even to the Old Man Noah of the zoo business. This is the only experience of his long career that he considers really unusual.

There can be no doubt that Vierheller himself, at 68, is an exceptionally hale and hearty specimen of homo sapiens and a very engaging one, with his raw-beef complexion, blue eyes and white hair; he would be considered quite valuable if the tables were turned and animals kept people. He walks erect without difficulty, bears no fur and has an elongated tibia and femur and a typically well-developed and convoluted frontal cortex, these being some of the chief characteristics that distinguish man from the lower mammals. Yet while he has been building the St. Louis Zoo into the most entertaining ever known in the U.S., he has lived in a world populated so largely with animals and has spent so much time playing with them, nursing them and even talking to them that his best friends—on both sides of the bars—sometimes wonder.

In the morning Vierheller steps from his bed onto the skin of a baby alpaca which was once born at the zoo. While dressing, he stands on the skin of a polar bear which was a great favorite with his crowds in bygone years. While shaving, he tosses the paper from his blades into a wastebasket made from an elephant foot and, while tying his tie, he sits on the skin of an albino lynx. Eventually he walks downstairs, passing through a den decorated with the horns of two water bucks and a greater kudu, the head of a blesbok and a large photograph of an orangutan, and through a living room carpeted with a large lion and two bears. In the dining room he turns on two lamps made from elephant tusks, shifts his chair for a better view of the birds of paradise mounted on the buffet and sits down to his breakfast. He liked the house even better when it contained a hassock surrounded by the coils of a python, stuffed so artistically and realistically that visitors would seldom go near it. But the python skin began to rot a few years ago and his wife, whose enthusiasm for animals is not quite so overpowering, threw it out.

Small talk with Big Boy

AT the zoo, when he unlocks the door of his office, which is on the top floor of the monkey house, Vierheller is greeted by a talking myna bird named Big Boy, which shouts from its cage, "Good morning, George." "Good morning, Big Boy," says Vierheller, "and how are you?" "I'm fine, thank you. Delightful weather," says Big Boy. The two then whistle a duet of *The Farmer in the Dell*, taking alternate bars. Vierheller is usually the first to tire and stop whistling, which leads Big Boy to shout impatiently,

"Come on! Come on!" The duet then continues until Big Boy himself grows weary of the music and dismisses the whole conversation by crying, "Get to work, get to work, get to work."

From one office window, opening inward on the sunlit center of the monkey building, Vierheller can watch the pileated gibbon swinging tirelessly on the trapezes in its big cage. Until recently he could also watch Skippy, a white-handed gibbon who was an even better acrobat, but Skippy was a ham, found the applause of spectators absolutely irresistible and eventually worked himself into a nervous breakdown. From the other window Vierheller gets a good view of the zoo grounds and the spectators who mill through it. Being as good a businessman as an animal man, or possibly even better, Vierheller likes to stand at the window on a clear summer's day, just as the trained lion show is ending, and estimate by the movement of the crowd just how many have gone directly on to the chimpanzee show and how many have stopped to buy soda, popcorn, hot dogs, balloons and souvenirs at the refreshment stand with which he has booby-trapped their path. One thing that has



AS ALWAYS, SHE VIEWS FIRST PUFF WITH GRAVE SUSPICION

helped build the St. Louis Zoo is the profits from the stands, which Vierheller last year lifted to the gratifying total of \$160,000, and he would almost rather have people stop to eat than see the chimp show, even though the chimps are his special pride. If the flow of the crowd tells him that the refreshment stand is booming, he frequently dashes up the hill much faster than a man his age could be expected to move, rolls up his sleeves and helps dish out the popcorn, grinning broadly every time he rings another dime on the cash register.

What with selling his popcorn, doing his office work, visiting his animals and taking two daily sniffs of Phil, the valuable big gorilla—Vierheller holds that the best barometer of a gorilla's health is his odor, and that unless he is as pungent as the locker room at a wrestling match you had better call the veterinarian fast—Vierheller is at his zoo from 9 a.m. to nightfall seven days a week. Then, after a last check on the receipts at the refreshment stands, he goes home to dinner, usually taking along some guests interested in discussing animals. The guests, while relaxing amid the bearskins and the birds of paradise, drink from old-fashioned glasses embossed with elephants, or from tall glasses bearing the picture of a monkey sliding down a giraffe's neck. On one New Year's Eve his guests had an even more complete treatment. Instead of the revelry they expected, they got taken to one of the buildings at the zoo, where they played cards all night to pass the time while Vierheller nervously awaited the birth of the first baby conceived by Ida, his giraffe.

Often before calling it a day Vierheller drives back and makes a slow tour through the zoo grounds, checking with the night watchmen and listening for any sounds of distress from the buildings, before he finally steps from the skin of the polar bear to the skin of the alpaca and to bed, where he frequently dreams about animals.

Until very recently—as a matter of fact until Vierheller came along to revolutionize the business—the American version of the zoo was a stuffy sort of institution with about the same grimness as an old-fashioned orphanage. The animals sat in little cages and looked through the bars at the people; the people looked back at the animals, and that was that. It was possible and even customary to make the entire tour of a zoo in the matter of a half hour—pausing

only momentarily to marvel at the size of the elephant, watch the ostrich stick its head in the sand and note that the orangutan bore a pronounced resemblance to your father-in-law, before deciding that it might be a good day to go to the movies.

Vierheller, a brash amateur who hardly knew the difference between an orangutan and a gorilla until he got into the business by accident in 1919, changed all that. He brought in the theory that a zoo should be a kind of circus good enough to lure the most reluctant customer in off the street. Part showman, part businessman, part salesman and part scientist, he will go to any lengths to seduce a customer. He has turned the St. Louis Zoo from a schoolroom into an amusement park so thoroughly that Hollywood has offered him \$3,000 a week for his chimp show. Last year's zoo attendance was 2.5 million, and on a good day the auto licenses of all 48 states, as well as Alaska, Hawaii and several Canadian provinces, could be counted along the roadways.

There is no question that Vierheller is one of the best instinctive showmen of our time and also one of the shrewdest businessmen, and that he would be a millionaire today if he had stayed in private business instead of becoming a public servant. Unfortunately for Vierheller, but fortunately for those 2.5 million people, the business he chose as a youth fell prey to changing times. He had to go to work at 11, after his mailman father went blind, and for a time pasted labels on beer bottles at \$2.50 a week. Then a cousin with some influence downtown found him a better job learning telegraphy in the financial district, and for a time he prospered beyond his fondest boyhood hopes. At 18 he was making \$35 a week, which was sensational in those days, as a superspeed telegrapher. In his early 30s he was a kind of top-flight clerk, marking up rapid-fire stock quotations and obviously marked for better things, with what he fondly called a brokerage house. But just then the laws against bucket shops were passed, and by coincidence the "brokerage house" closed its doors. Vierheller was the victim of what might most charitably be called technological unemployment.

He was known as a natty dresser, a free spender, a man about town and a collector of friends, and the natural thing to do under the circumstances was get into politics. His first job was with the

things as buy Phillips Petroleum at \$5 (lately worth \$78), Falstaff Brewing at \$6 (now worth \$58) and Griesedieck Western Brewery at \$20 (now worth \$135). In fact there have been many years when he made more money out of the market than from his job, which pays him \$9,600 a year. His investments have been doubly fortunate, for he regards himself as the zoo's press agent as well as director, likes to entertain visiting celebrities and feels called upon to be seen in places like "21" in New York and Ciro's in Hollywood when he goes on animal-buying trips.

A "totally wrong" piece of genius

THE first step in bringing the St. Louis Zoo to the public and vice versa was to take the bears out of their cages and put them into open pits, separated from the spectators only by an almost unnoticeable moat with a perpendicular side. This move, which had originated with Hagenbeck in Germany, was at the time as pleasing to the U.S. public and as horrifying to the U.S. authorities as the shortening of the skirt. Vierheller's files still contain a wonderful letter written by Dr. William T. Hornaday, the late, great but thoroughly conservative director of the New York Zoological Park. The idea of bear pits, Dr. Hornaday wrote, "gives me a genuine feeling of depression. The idea . . . is totally wrong, and the further it is pursued the more disappointing and disastrous it will be. I advise the Society to drop the whole matter, and not ruin its reputation. . . ."

The next step was to build monkey and bird houses full of sunlight, room and handsome painted backgrounds. From these beginnings Vierheller has worked constantly onward and upward against the gravitational pull of tradition. Even today his more academic counterparts still criticize him almost as widely as they copy him. His staff, like himself, is a collection of inspired amateurs. He has an elephant trainer who started life as a soda jerker—but has now taught his animals a 20-minute show routine including a hula-hula which melts the stoniest hearts. Of his two chimpanzee trainers, one joined the staff as a handyman and the other as a kid who picked up empty soda bottles after the crowds left. Between them these two men have built the greatest chimp show ever seen—including one unbelievable act in which the chimps drive electric-powered jeeps at breakneck speed all over the stage, stopping, starting, going forward and backing up as the occasion demands.

Vierheller carries his devotion to the zoo to such lengths that he has often been a sore trial to his family and acquaintances, not to mention the Plaza Hotel in New York, into whose rooms he has attempted to smuggle apes and parakeets, and the Pennsylvania Railroad, which finally assigned a passenger agent to make every trip with him and dissuade him from taking his newly acquired chimps to breakfast in the dining car. (It should be added that Vierheller bears no resentment toward the railroad, which after all once held up its crack Spirit of St. Louis for 15 minutes until a Pullman window could be removed to permit taking aboard a big metal crate full of hummingbirds. Vierheller did not happen to think until later, and has never informed the railroad officials, that the crate was really a collection of small cages, which could easily have been unbolted into sections that would have passed through the doorway.)

For many years Vierheller held a standing commission from his good friend Edwin Lemp, a wealthy ex-brewer, to buy any likely

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IT'S ALL RIGHT—SO JENNY TAKES A DEEP AND HAPPY DRAG

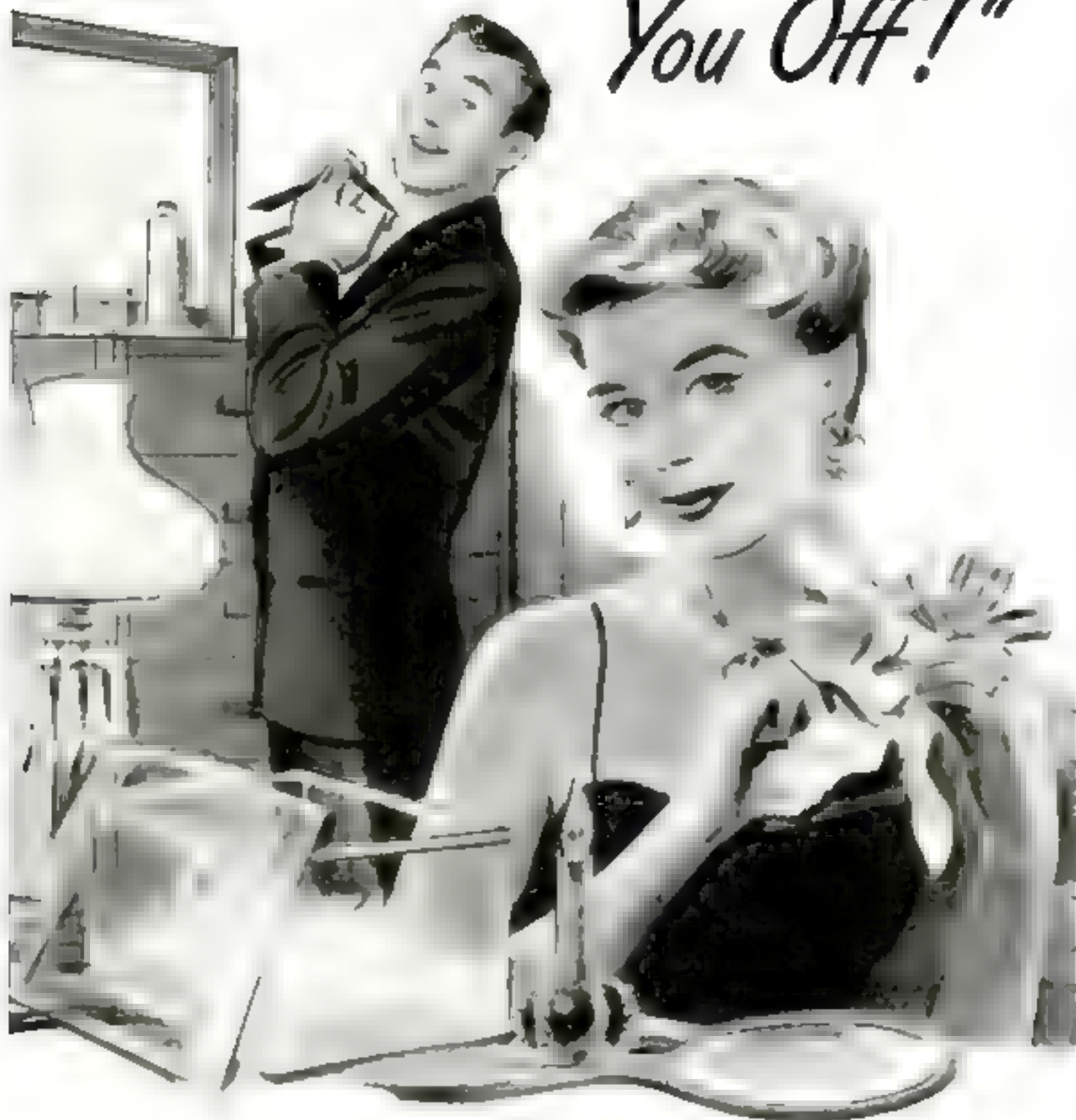
St. Louis Board of Election Commissioners, and it was a great mistake because it involved nothing but routine desk work. Vierheller gladly admits, "I was the worst employe the election board ever had. On the days when I didn't play sick, I got in late and sneaked out right after lunch." However something better soon opened up. A citizen's group was trying to enlarge the local zoo, which then consisted of one fine big bird cage and several obsolete buildings left over from the 1904 World's Fair. Vierheller became secretary of the new zoo board. Within a few years he had discovered that he could make friends among animals even more readily than among people and had been elevated to director.

This was something of a blow to his wife, who had accepted his marriage proposal in 1904 at least partly because she was a veterinarian's daughter and was sick and tired of living in a home that frequently contained more animals than people. But Vierheller has been at the job ever since, with fine results, and the only remaining trace of his life as a private citizen is his astuteness at buying stocks. With a nest egg saved in his early years, he has done such useful



WHILE CLOUD OF SMOKE RISES SHE FLICKS OFF THE ASHES

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"... because you're five times as lovely on our fifth anniversary as you were on our wedding day."

"That's happiness showing through, Darling. Thanks for our wonderful life together."

"Stop it, woman! My modesty forbids..."

"Silly—I was being serious. I appreciate the way you always plan ahead. As you have for this celebration... for our whole future, in fact."

"If you mean the retirement fund we've started, that's simply because we both like comfort. And I want to make sure we'll always have it."

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MR. ZOO CONTINUED

animals for Lemp's private collection on his estate in St. Louis County. If Lemp did not like the animals, or had no suitable quarters for them, he usually presented them to the zoo as gifts. It was not until recently, when Lemp gave up his collection, that Vierheller finally confessed, "Ed, you know I used to buy you a hell of a lot of things I knew you wouldn't like."

On one occasion Vierheller put in a long distance call to another friend, the late Frank Phillips, head of Phillips Petroleum, and blurted without any preliminaries, "Frank, I need a plane to meet a panda in Seattle." Phillips said with great dignity, "George, you're drunk," and hung up. Actually Vierheller did want Phillips' private plane for that very purpose, and by working through Phillips' secretary finally got it. What had led up to this was one of the great strokes of luck with which the St. Louis Zoo has been blessed from time to time. In the period when the very first pandas were being imported from China and becoming the animal sensation of the year, Vierheller was in New York dickering with an animal dealer named Heinz Ruhe who had a male panda for sale. The asking price was \$7,000 and Vierheller, who had only \$5,000 to spend, was trying his best to bridge the gap over a long series of drinks in the Hotel Plaza bar. Ruhe, unfortunately, was being as stubborn as his host was charming. The bargaining process, which was getting nowhere, was interrupted by a bellboy summoning Vierheller to the telephone; Vierheller listened in amazement as his secretary told him from St. Louis, "We've got a message here from a fellow named Schulz in China. He wants to give us a panda. What shall we do about it?" Vierheller shouted, "Accept it, for God's sake!" and rushed back to the bar. "So, you Shylock!" he cried to Ruhe. "I've got a panda for nothing!" Ruhe, stunned by the news, consented within the next five minutes to sell his panda for \$5,000, and Vierheller went to bed happy in the knowledge that he had not one but two pandas and that his budget would still look presentable to the zoo board.

When the free panda from Schulz, an ex-St. Louisan who still remembered his zoo with great affection even while working as an aviation executive in China, arrived by ship in Seattle and was met by Vierheller in the Phillips plane, it turned out to be a female and Vierheller's joy knew no bounds. He had visions of breeding the first baby panda ever born in an American zoo. But, although Pao Pei, the female panda, was young, affectionate and ambitious for motherhood, Happy, the male, was apparently beyond the age when boy pandas have any interest in meeting girl pandas. Pao Pei never had her family and Happy eventually died. Pao Pei walks her pit alone these days, at a time when no male pandas or anything else of much value are coming out of Red China, and is rapidly reaching the age



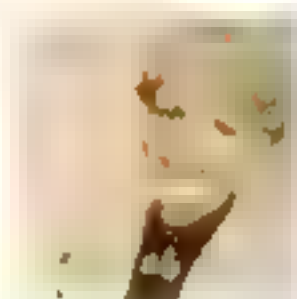
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MR. ZOO CONTINUED

when she too will cease to care. Vierheller still sighs a little every time he walks past her.

A zookeeper's life is full of such incidents, however, and Vierheller cannot afford to spend too much time regretting the past. For example there was the matter of Toto, the baby elephant with whom Vierheller inadvertently frightened the college girls. Toto was flown in from Africa with much expense and fanfare, and Vierheller was transporting him from the airport to the zoo on the day he had him in his car. The following Sunday thousands of people flocked to the zoo for a look at him. It was one of those autumn days when the St. Louis temperature drops from 60° to 20° in a matter of hours, and the constant opening of the doors to the elephant house let in cold drafts as well as spectators. Toto got double pneumonia and was dead within 12 hours. Then there were Jackie the gorilla, a fine and healthy specimen, and Coquette, a female of the same species who seemed to be in a decline. Vierheller engages not only a veterinarian but also pathologists, gynecologists and even pediatricians to look after his charges, yet none of these expert medical men could find anything wrong with Coquette. Vierheller finally decided that her troubles were psychosomatic, possibly stemming from loneliness, and he moved her in with Jackie in hopes of cheering her up. The formula worked in reverse. Instead of Jackie's high spirits proving infectious, Coquette transmitted her ailment, whether physical or mental, and both the gorillas soon died. There was Ida, the giraffe with the long gestation period, who bore four perfectly healthy and hungry-looking babies, each as tall and heavy as a full-grown man. All four thrived for the first few days and then grew sleepy, droopy and died like wilting plants. The medical men never could figure out what was wrong, unless Ida and her late husband had something like the Rh blood incompatibility which makes the offspring of some human marriages unable to survive.

Wild animals, despite their great strength, are frail anyway, and Vierheller has had to attend the funerals of a great many fine friends. The gorillas are plagued by jungle-bred worms, especially by a parasite called Strongyloides. The hunters who capture jungle animals for sale sometimes let half or more of the gorillas they find go free, since they are obviously unfit to survive, and even the likeliest-looking specimens brought to this country have a high mortality rate. Vierheller has lost many of them—and can never forget that he once flatly refused to pay \$4,500 for Bushman, an exception which

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MR. ZOO CONTINUED

has survived to famous maturity under rival management in Chicago. The penguins are susceptible to a common fungus called aspergillus, which begins coating their respiratory tracts just as it will creep over the surface of a piece of bread left too long in any American kitchen. The wild antelopes are high-strung and sensitive to noise; an innocent spectator once caused a panic in the St. Louis antelope house by setting down a bag of groceries in such a way that the paper crackled. If an antelope gets sick and the keepers try to catch it for medical attention, it is likely as not to die instantly of a heart failure brought on from a massive dose of stimulant poured out by its own quick-triggered adrenal glands.

On the other hand Vierheller has had some outstanding good fortune, most notably in the purchase of Dionne, a honess direct from the jungle. For Dionne he paid a mere \$700 to Heinz Ruhe, the same dealer who sold him the impotent panda. Five weeks after arriving at the zoo, Dionne retired to a corner and to everyone's surprise became a mother—not of the usual two or three cubs, but of quintuplets. Vierheller was naturally delighted by this unexpected turn of events and his triumph over his old friend and haggling enemy, Heinz. He went right to a telephone and, in his own words, "wasted \$3 of the zoo's money telling Ruhe all about it." Ruhe could only do a little simple arithmetic, realize that he had sold six jungle-bred lions for a mere \$116.67 each and gnash his teeth. The birth rate at the zoo has been even higher, although not so delightfully surprising, among the elands, which are African antelopes that sometimes get to weigh three quarters of a ton. Vierheller bought a male and two females in 1935 and has just attended the birth of the 31st offspring, representing the seventh generation, of the bloodline. At one time he had so thoroughly saturated the American zoo markets for male elands that he thought seriously of butchering some of his surplus stock for the better restaurants.

Big Boy, the myna, was another triumph; he cost only \$150 and is now one of the finest talking birds in the world. He is also certainly



FORCIBLE FEEDING KEPT ZOO'S PYTHON ALIVE FOR 13 YEARS.

the most erudite, schooled not only in English but also in Malayan and in the tongue of the native hillfolk who first captured him in Java. The only drawback is that Big Boy refuses to go on public exhibit. He was once put on view in the birdhouse and refused to speak a word for three weeks until returned to his private cage in Vierheller's office, where he proceeded to chatter endlessly from morning until closing time. Another astounding bird is a recently purchased green cacique, a sort of overgrown oriole which is supposed to sound off in a high and bell-like tone. This particular green cacique, to the amazement of the whole zoo staff, turned out to crow like a rooster, apparently because it spent its youth in a barnyard. It has given Vierheller the idea of training all sorts of birds, with hitherto unsuspected talents of mimicry, in various sounds, including the human voice.

If a cacique can really be taught to talk, Vierheller will probably be the man to do it; and if that experiment succeeds he will probably try it next with an oriole caught in a St. Louis back yard and finally with a common household canary. If he can get the canaries to talk he will then doubtless train them to put on plays, or to sing Christmas carols to attract visitors during the season when it is too cold for the chimp, elephant and lion shows. Winter is a time that Vierheller hates, being almost completely unprofitable to the zoo as now constituted, and he will never be fully happy until he has done something about it. In fact some of his friends take an even dimmer view of his capacity for contentment. One of them told him a few years ago, "George, the trouble with you is you'll never be satisfied until you've got the bears playing music, the monkeys selling your merchandise and the elephants making change." In a way this jostling comment has turned out to be surprisingly accurate. Since then Vierheller has taught some of his animals to play music and he has trained two of his chimps to sell postcards. The friend who made the remark feels a little eerie about the whole thing and is keeping an anxious eye on the elephants.



LETTING PUBLIC WATCH WAS A TRIUMPH OF SHOWMANSHIP

"We wouldn't swap jobs with anybody!"



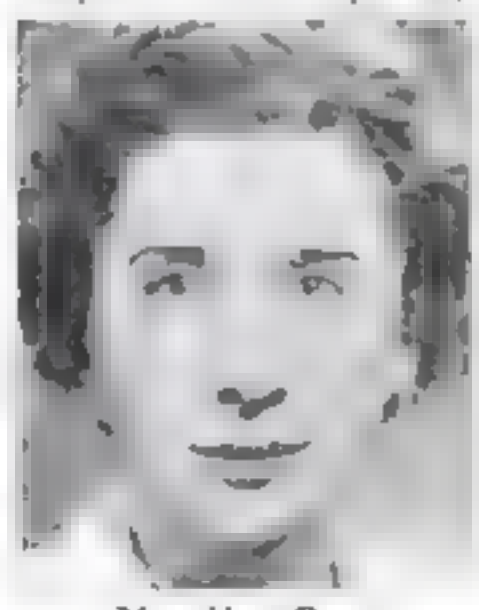
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(No previous business experience)



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MEAT TEAM AT WORK

A Million Tons of Appeal

Some side lights on sausage

A sausage maker in a meat packing plant is a chef with more specialties than you'll find in a cookbook. For folks who like French fare he makes Arles salami. For Swedish accents in taste he serves up Goteborg cervelat. But his most popular recipe came from the old German city of Frankfurt am Main—you know it as the friendly frankfurter.

American sausage makers have adopted these and other Old World favorites as their own, improved upon them, and developed new types specially blended and seasoned for U. S. appetites. Maybe you've never sampled them all, but there are more than 200 different kinds of sausage. And they come in just about every imaginable size and shape.

Supplying such a wide variety of meats, quick-serve-style, is one way the meat industry tries to make your meal planning easier. The idea is to have ready any kind of meat women may want when they shop. And the fact that they call for more than two billion pounds of sausage products a year shows that people certainly want sausage!

American Meat Institute

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

NO MATTER HOW YOU SLICE IT, here's enough bologna for several thousand tasty sandwiches. The picture was taken in the smokehouse of a Philadelphia sausage plant as Nick Flick, like a housewife peeking at a pie in the oven, decides by the color whether to leave the bologna in for a few minutes longer.

THE MEAT TEAM



"I grow it"



"I process it"



"I sell it"

DOWN ON THE FARM, University of Wisconsin animal husbandry student, James Weiss' records show animals and pasture are a most efficient food-producing combination. Meat animals turn grass into food. About one out of eight pounds of all meat reaches stores as sausage products.



GETTING READY FOR THE DAY'S BUSINESS. William Lindow puts in an eye-catching display of 42 different sausage products. He knows through experience the kinds his customers like best. To keep stock fresh and appealing, he orders frequently—slices only the amount of cold cuts that he will sell within a few hours.



SPRING finds Easter lilies silhouetted against 70-story RCA Building. Landscaper tries to avoid white flowers which get coated with soot, at times must be washed by hand.



AUTUMN brings chrysanthemums, year's last flower show. In 1960 they started blooming too early, had to be kept in darkness until planting time.

Rockefeller Center Gardens

A YEAR-ROUND FLOWER SHOW BLOSSOMS IN THE HEART OF MANHATTAN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

The most public-private gardens anywhere in the U.S. are the ones which belong to Rockefeller Center. Set in the busy skyscraper heart of midtown New York, they bloom in an ever-changing and almost perpetual show, drawing tourists who consider them as much a marvel as the Marble Hall, ever getting 1.5 million New Yorkers to stop for a few minutes and admire the banks of flowers. The four acres of gardens

include seven rooftop plots on nearby skyscrapers, but the main attraction is the street-level garden. There Horticulturist Horro Hagemester and his seven expert gardeners set out 20,000 plants each year, ranging from 5-inch crocuses to an 8-foot Christmas tree. Displays are designed and scheduled a full year in advance, and great care is taken by the local greenhouses to make flowers bloom on schedule, speeding some

by heat, retarding others by refrigeration or darkness. Changing an exhibit usually takes the gardeners 12 hours of back-breaking work.

Although the inaugural displays have been appearing for 25 years, only one case of vandalism was ever reported, in the Hawaiian exhibit in the summer of 1949 a night mover stole made off with an irresistible papaya growing only a few feet from the Fifth Avenue sidewalk.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

ROCKEFELLER CENTER GARDENS CONTINUED



DUTCH TULIPS appear in April and May in four successive plantings using 19,000 bulbs. Solid blocks of color are used else the effect is dwarfed by skyscrapers, and flowers must be sturdy to withstand winds that sweep between buildings.



LONG ISLAND GERANIUMS line the garden pools after the tulip festival. Main flower gardens border sunken plaza in front of the RCA Building and the six pools that run like a staircase to the plaza from the Fifth Avenue sidewalk.

PUERTO RICAN GARDEN had to have fresh plants flown in twice a week during summer. Structure in center is replica of "Devil's Outpost," a "haunted" Puerto Rican sentry box from which many sentinels mysteriously disappeared. →





CHRISTMAS TREE, an 85-foot Norway spruce, rounds out year. Tree went up on Dec. 1, 1950 and is decorated with 3,000 plastic globes and 7,500 colored

lights. Like other Rockefeller Center Christmas trees this came from a private estate where trees get more sunlight and are more symmetrical than those in forests.

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WHAT ABOUT THE H-BOMB?

Here is review of book which says U.S. is far ahead
of Russia and may test its first bomb this summer

IT has become axiomatic that the A-bomb and the H-bomb have made misleading reporters out of many a scientist and misled scientists out of many a reporter. Reputable scientists have pictured such phenomena as great radioactive clouds that could sweep across the U.S., killing everything in their path. Einstein has said that "annihilation of any life on earth has been brought within the range of technical possibilities." While such things may be possible, some excitable reporters have presented these theories to the quivering layman as either a probable or inevitable picture of Doomsday—the day the hydrogen bomb goes off and blankets the world with death-dealing dust or mist.

Into this miasma of terrorizing predictions came a book this week by a man who is well-grounded in science and also is a good reporter. The book is *The Hell Bomb*, published by Alfred A. Knopf (\$2.75). The author is New York Times Science Writer William L. Laurence, a man who, like few scientists, is able to explain atomic energy to the layman and, like few reporters, can interpret many of the equations on the Oak Ridge blackboard. Born in Lithuania 63 years ago, Laurence came to the U.S. when he was 17. At Harvard his specialty was philosophy, and he did not start writing about science until the late '20s when the New York World's Editor Herbert Bayard Swope hired him as a reporter (after Laurence beat Swope at a parlor guessing game). Laurence learned science so thoroughly, first on the *World* and then on the New York Times, that he was singled out by the War Department to be the only reporter on hand during the final stages of the development of the A-bomb. Writing news stories that would not be released for months (maybe never, if the A-bomb fizzled), Laurence worked in a cell within a safe at Oak Ridge; his guards were two hillbillies selected especially because they could not read. This assignment, besides giving Laurence one of history's greatest science scoops, enabled him to learn more about atomic energy and to make better contacts with the atomic scientists than any other science reporter.

Since then Laurence has been careful to keep up with atomic progress and nurture his sources of information. The result shows in *The Hell Bomb*. As he states explicitly at the beginning, the fact that the Atomic Energy Commission cleared the book for publication "does not in any way vouch for the accuracy or correctness of the book's contents." But



"N.Y. TIMES" REPORTER LAURENCE IS TWO-TIME PULITZER PRIZE WINNER

if all, or even some, of Laurence's information is correct, he has come up with some startling items of news about the H-bomb. For example:

1. It is simpler to make the H-bomb than had been supposed, and there is practically no limit to its size. The expense should not even require new appropriations from Congress; if appropriations are needed, they will be "chicken feed" in comparison with the money spent on the A-bomb.
2. There could be two kinds of H-bombs, the "rigged" and the "non-rigged." The first would leave tremendous radioactivity, the second little more than the A-bomb.
3. The U.S. will possibly test its first H-bomb at Eniwetok this year.
4. The U.S. is five years ahead of Russia in H-bomb development.

These statements take some explaining; and Laurence's explanations invite some criticism. To show his reasons for believing the H-bomb can be made, Laurence gives the closest thing to a Smyth Report on the H-bomb that has come out so far. The hydrogen bomb, which the scientists at Los Alamos called the "Superduper" when Laurence was there, would explode by the fusion of hydrogen, the reverse of the process of uranium (or plutonium) fission which causes the A-bomb's explosion. Laurence explains that only two kinds of hydrogen could be used in the bomb. One is deuterium, or heavy hydrogen, a hydrogen of double weight which can be produced in quantity by our existing heavy water plants. The other is tritium, a hydrogen of three times normal weight, which can be produced at great cost and in small quantities by irradiating the light element lithium in an atomic pile of the kind used to make plutonium for A-bombs. The H-bomb cannot, he says, be made with deuterium alone because the A-bomb, which would be used to explode it, is not hot enough for long enough to touch deuterium off. Tritium alone can be set off, but it is so uneconomical to manufacture (80 kilograms of plutonium can be made in a pile in the same length of time as one kilogram of tritium), that a tritium bomb would never be feasible. These facts are not new (LIFE, Oct. 2), but from them Laurence proceeds to deduce "the real secret of the H-bomb": it can, he believes, be made of deuterium with extra "kindling" consisting of a small quantity of mixed deuterium and tritium. The A-bomb would ignite the deuterium-tritium mixture which would "burn" long enough and hot enough to detonate the rest

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Tried
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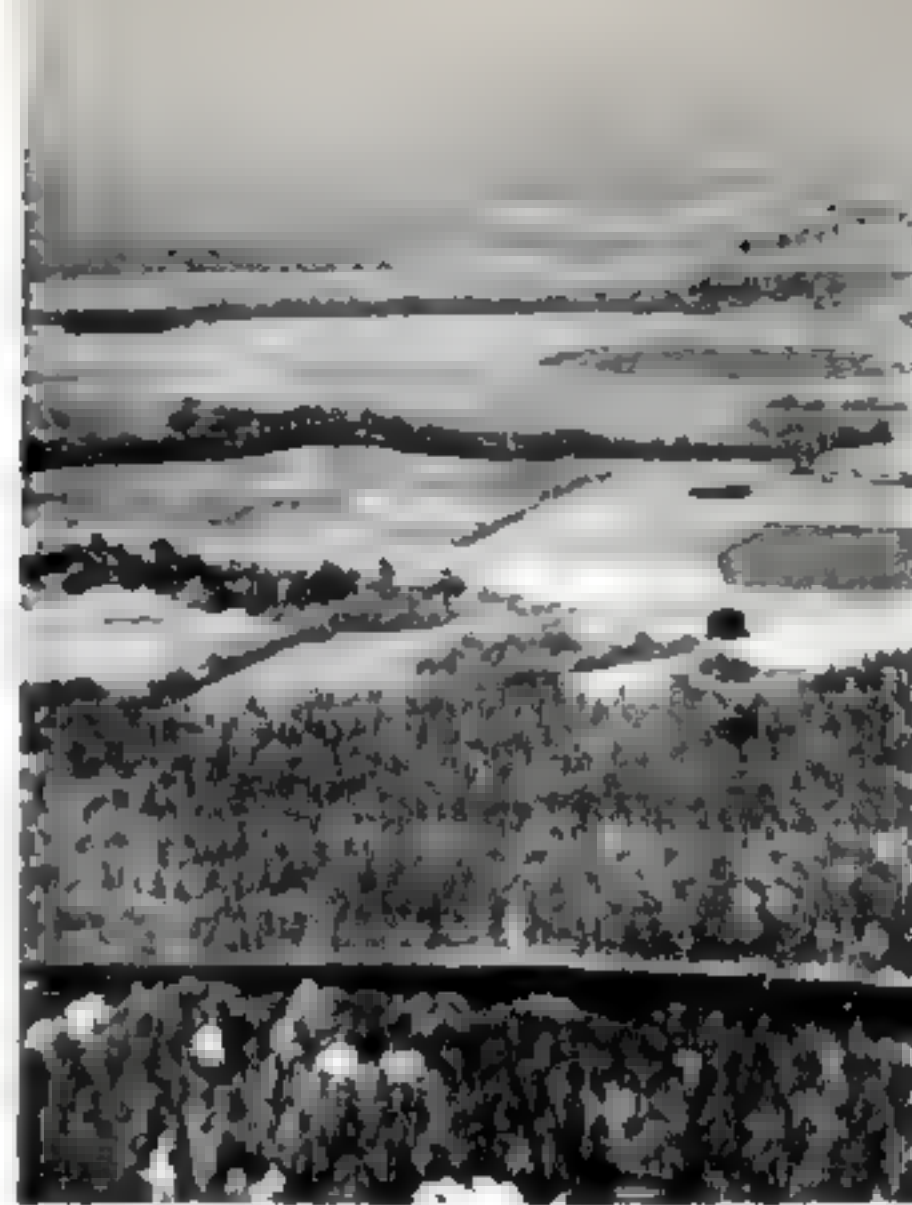


You've chuckled for years at the Burma-Shave jingles along the highways—but have you ever treated yourself to a Burma-Shave shave? Once you discover how good your face feels afterward, you'll be a Burma-Shave enthusiast for life!



IN TUBE OR JAR AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS

H-BOMB SITE AEC is taking over in South Carolina will, when completed, probably look something like Hanford (below) and is, like Hanford, built by a river (Savannah). Site takes in 250,000 acres near Aiken, including the 716-population town of Ellenton (center background).



THE H-BOMB CONTINUED

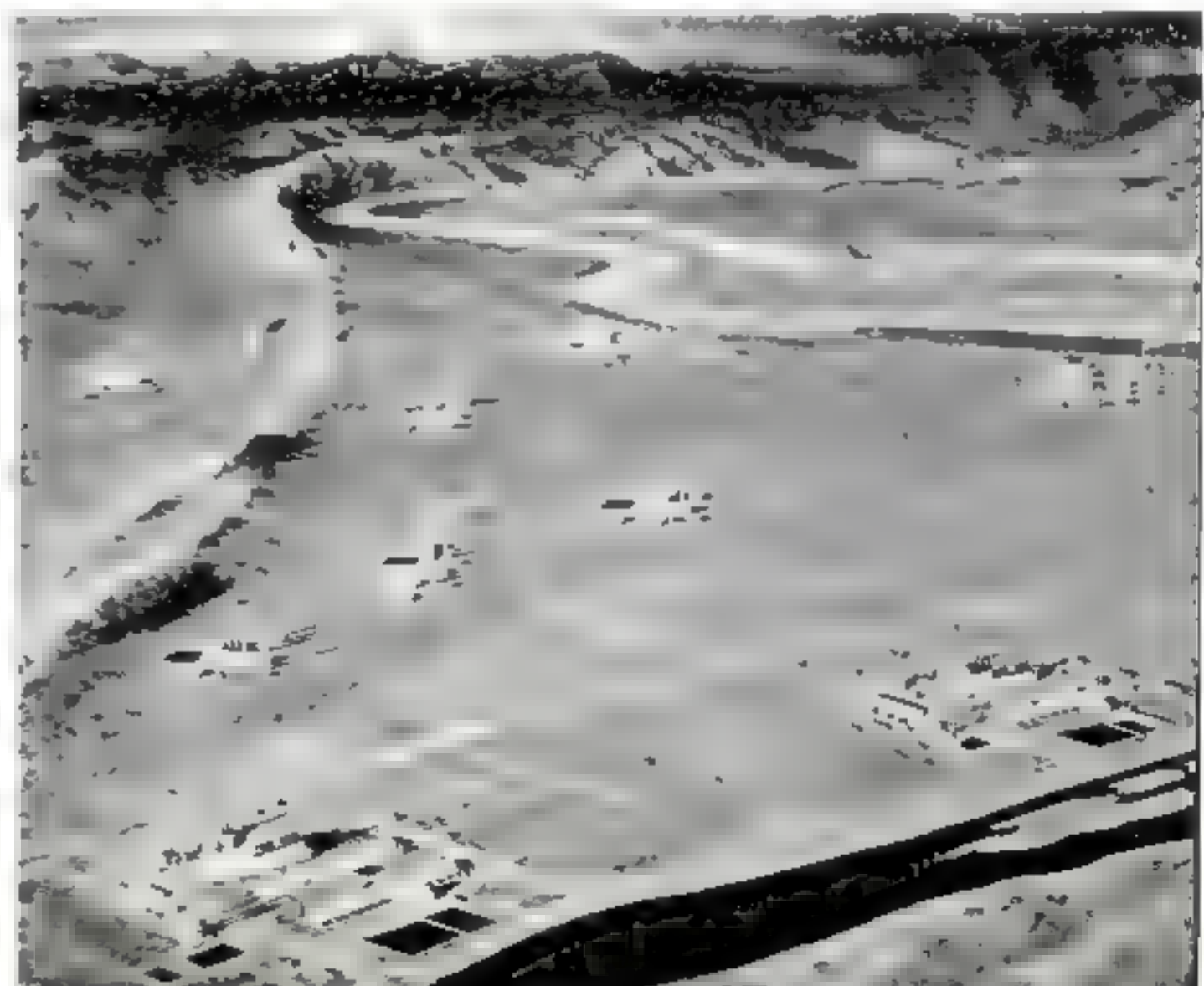
of the deuterium. This would make the H-bomb both simple and comparatively inexpensive, Laurence says, because we can produce deuterium easily, we do not need large amounts of tritium and we already have a stock pile of A-bombs to use as igniters.

The H-bomb can be made any size (although always as large or larger than its igniting A-bomb, of course). Its dimensions are limited only by the size bomb a plane (or submarine) can carry. This means a bomb as powerful as a million tons of TNT—possibly even more—and one that may be either "rigged" or "non-rigged." This term, Laurence explains, refers to postexplosion radioactivity. A "non-rigged" bomb made with a steel casing would leave little more radioactivity than its A-bomb igniter. A "rigged" bomb made with a cobalt casing would leave a monstrous radioactive cloud that would retain its strength and killing power for years.

In explaining the differences between the two types of hydrogen bomb, Laurence disposes of the oft-cited "moral issue" of the bomb's use. He considers the non-rigged bomb no more deplorable, morally, than the A-bomb or any other heavy weapon. Contrarily, Laurence feels that the rigged bomb has no military advantage over the non-rigged device and that it would be extremely difficult to justify its use. The two weapons, he believes, should be considered entirely separately.

The author's prediction that the H-bomb will be tested "sometime in 1951, possibly in early summer" is based in part on his assumption that it can be built according to the foregoing formula, and on his statement that "all the essential ingredients . . . the costliest and those that would take longest to produce, as well as the multimillion-dollar plants required for their production, are already at hand." He also points out that since the H-bomb does not have to be a "superduper," a small one can be exploded along with the atomic bombs which he says are scheduled for testing at Eniwetok this year. Presumably, then, the H-bomb could be tested without the public knowing about it, if the AEC wishes.

It is impossible to obtain technical criticism or evaluation of Laurence's hypotheses. Physicists invited to review the book politely refused, fearful of inadvertently breaching security. Thus, there is no way of checking Laurence's assumption that the H-bomb can be built both easily and quickly through a tritium-and-deuterium





formula, involving less than a kilogram of tritium. The "T-D" formula (no new idea) certainly is under consideration and may prove to be the only practical way to make the bomb. But the crucial question of how much tritium is needed may still be unanswered, and there is some reason to doubt Laurence's conclusion that it will be conveniently small. Similarly, his estimate of an explosion test date is far earlier than that made by any responsible scientist.

If we are progressing so rapidly, and if, as Laurence says, "This . . . is no secret at all, since all the deductions here presented are arrived at on the basis of data widely known to scientists everywhere, including Russia," how come the Russians are so far behind? Indeed, early in his book Laurence states flatly: "The tragic prospect is that instead of the Russians catching up with us, it is we who may have to catch up with them." A large H-bomb, he adds later, "could be exploded at a distance from an abandoned, innocent-looking tramp ship. It would have a radius of destruction by blast of 100 miles. . . . The time may come when we shall have to search every vessel several hundred miles off shore. And the time may be nearer than we think." But elsewhere Laurence says just as flatly, ". . . we are five years ahead of Russia on the H-bomb." This, the most important contradiction in his book, seems to be partly resolved by the following argument that Laurence presents: When Klaus Fuchs informed to the Russians, he told them everything he knew about the H-bomb as well as the A-bomb. That he did tell them everything he knew is indicated by the relatively rapid development of the Russian A-bomb. And Fuchs knew as much about the H-bomb as any American scientist at the time. So at the time it seemed that the Russians were off to a very good start on the H-bomb. But what evidently happened, says Laurence, was that the Russians decided to produce the plutonium A-bomb, not the uranium A-bomb. This produced an A-bomb quickly, but it also raised hob with plans for the H-bomb. The H-bomb required some tritium; tritium can be made only at the expense of plutonium. So, Laurence argues, since Russia undoubtedly is making her atom bombs from plutonium, she now finds herself in the quandary of holding up A-bomb production to make H-bombs, whereupon she will have H-bombs but will still have to make A-bombs to ignite them. The U.S., on the other hand, has both plutonium and uranium separation plants, so we can make tritium for the H-bomb with our plutonium plants while we proceed with uranium A-bombs in our uranium plants.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



PLUTONIUM PLANT along Columbia River at Hanford, Wash. has atomic piles which are capable of making tritium for H-bombs. Drawing gives only an impression of the site, since details of its layout are secret. Russia has built piles like these, may now be producing tritium.

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To do that, says Laurence, Russia must first build uranium plants.

It is indeed fairly certain that the Russians built their A-bomb with plutonium. And it is true that plutonium piles are used to make tritium. But can the U.S. assume that the Russians have not built a number of plutonium piles, enough so they can use some to make tritium for the H-bomb, others to proceed with their A-bombs? And note that on Dec. 21, AEC's Chairman Gordon Dean told a congressional committee that the Russians were very busy in their atomic program. "Our information is quite reliable," Dean said, "that it is an intensive effort and that they have available to them facilities—and undemocratic methods for using those facilities." So U.S. progress may not be quite so far ahead of Russia's as Laurence implies.

When Laurence reports on what the U.S. has done and is doing, his account is generally sound and informative; his deductions from this information, though only assumptions, are provocative; but when he gets into the field of military strategy and of estimates of enemy strength, his logic is considerably less impressive. It is virtually impossible, says he, for the Russians to get a bomb to the U.S., what with the vast distances between the nations and the web of radar and interceptor planes we can establish. If the U.S. is well on the way to having an impenetrable web of radar and interceptors, this is big news, and has not been reported before.

Laurence argues that the non-rigged H-bomb is a wonderful tactical weapon. It can be used to wipe out an entire army on the march, and since Russia's big strength is her huge land army, the non-rigged H-bomb is the perfect weapon for the U.S. Laurence implies that it probably could win a war against Russia by threat alone. Such arguments, as the Korean war would indicate, are doubtful at best. More than that, they encourage a "Maginot Line" attitude in the U.S. that could lead to an even more devastating shock than the fall of France in World War II. Nor is Laurence convincing in his estimates that 1) Russia at present can only produce six A-bombs a year, and 2) Russia has a pitifully small supply of uranium ore, so poor in quality that 194 tons of Soviet ore are needed to produce one pound of tritium, while 11.4 U.S. tons will produce the same amount. These estimates appear to be based sometimes on faulty assumptions, sometimes on a kind of "half evidence," i.e., what evidence we have, without modifying it quite enough by cautious guesses at the evidence we don't have. Who outside of the Kremlin knows what Russia's feverish uranium prospecting may have turned up in the past few years?

As Laurence carefully stipulates, none of his information is taken from any secret AEC files. A lot of it has appeared in various magazines (much of the important material in LIFE) and a great deal more in technical papers that only the scientist can understand and use in a constructive way. Laurence's service is in the assembling of all this material in one place. Some of his deductions from this assembled evidence seem shrewd. His over-all record is such that the statements in *The Hell Bomb* carry more weight than if they were made by most other science reporters. Even though some of his deductions will undoubtedly prove to be wrong and others to be over-optimistic, the assembled mass of information in *The Hell Bomb* is a badly needed antidote to the radioactive cloud of frightening predictions currently being made.



IN EINSTEIN'S HOME, Laurence and wife talk with great mathematician, who is life member of the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, N.J.



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tea

for dinner

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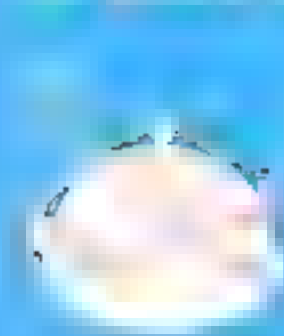
Watch his diet? Good. See that he gets more sleep? Fine. But how about his hot mealtime beverage? Does his present one refresh and comfort him . . . or does it keep him keyed up?

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Good to know, too, that a cup of good tea costs less than any other beverage.



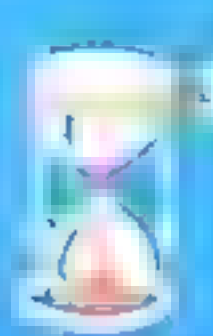
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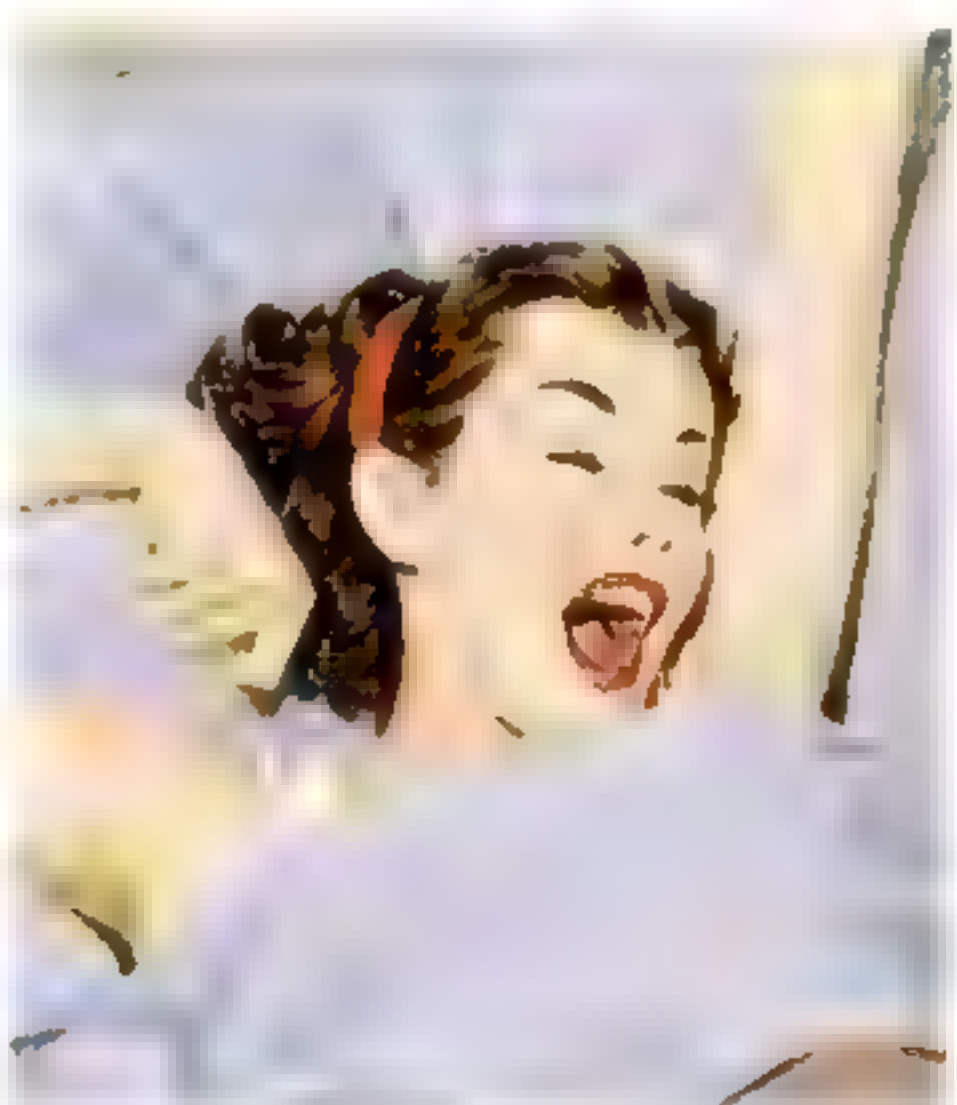
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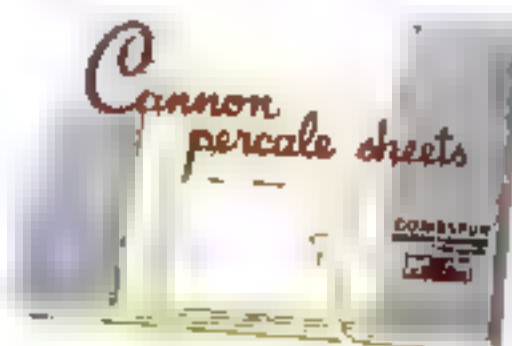
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IN HIS NEW YORK STUDIO CHAIM GROSS SKETCHES MODELS IN SIMPLE POSES. TWO TALL STATUES ARE CALLED "WAR BRIDE" (LEFT) AND "I FOUND MY LOVE"

SUPPLE SCULPTURE

Chaim Gross makes lively figures
of lithe nudes and agile acrobats

In his cramped and cluttered studio on the edge of Greenwich Village in New York, Chaim Gross, the man gravely sketching the models above, is turning out some of the liveliest and most exuberant sculpture in the U.S. The son of an Austrian lumberman, Gross took up woodcarving when he came to the U.S. in 1921 at the age of 17. In between jobs as grocery boy, embroiderer and newspaper peddler, he turned out hundreds of curvaceous

and supple-limbed statues, gradually whittled and chopped his way into the forefront of U.S. sculptors. Today he is best known for his statues of acrobats (*following pages*) who do somersaults, handstands and bicycle antics that defy the rigid limitations both of gravity and wood. A passionate admirer of circus performers, Gross admits that they are no admirers of his sculpture. Says he wistfully, "They don't like my kind of tricks."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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NEW MINTS Medically Proven
Quickly RID STOMACH of GAS

Do you ever suffer stomach gas, heartburn, from acid indigestion? Get amazing new BiSoDoL Mints for fast relief. Safe, gentle. BiSoDoL Mints give longer-lasting relief than baking soda - yes, hours of relief. Refreshing, minty flavor sweetens sour mouth, stomach. So relieve heartburn, upset stomach, from too much food, drink, smoking. Sleep all night long when acid indigestion strikes. Carry new BiSoDoL Mints for fast relief - anywhere, anytime, 10¢.

BiSoDoL - Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Look for
this **MORRELL PRIDE**
MEATS advertise-
ment in dealers'
windows. It's the
sign of a quality
store that takes
pride in selling you
the best in meats.
John Morrell & Co.,
Ottumwa, Iowa;
Sioux Falls, S. D.;
Topeka, Kansas.



BILLOWING BATHER was carved out of alabaster by Chaim Gross after watching girls lolling and cavorting on the beaches of Provincetown, Mass.



BALANCING DANCERS of mahogany are caught midway in performance of a remarkable feat of equilibrium. Gross says he is not sure how trick ends.



BOUNCING BABY dandled by a cherubic mother was carved of lithium stone in 1941 after Gross saw his wife juggling their year-old daughter like a toy.

**Apples
Ready
to Pop in
a Pie!**



Save 15
minutes
or more
MAKE A
PERFECT PIE!

Comstock

**PIE-SLICED
APPLES**

NET 1 LB. 4 OZ. (567.5 GRAMS)

Orchard
Fresh!

No Peel!
No Core!
No Waste!

Comstock

PIE-SLICED APPLES

Comstock Canning Corporation
Newark, New York



Hot dog! Fewer colds

for me! New Sergeant's SKIP-BATH cleans your dog *without bathing*—thus helps avoid colds. You just sprinkle on, rub in, wipe off this wonderful liquid. In a jiffy, your dog is clean and piney-fresh! Saves you time and fuss, too! Another safe Sergeant's Product. There's one for almost every trouble—worms, insufficient vitamins, ear ailments. Veterinarian-tested. Relied on for 76 years. **FREE:** Famous Sergeant's Dog Book. At drug or pet store—or write Sergeant's, Dept. A-13, Richmond 20, Virginia.



Sergeant's® dog care products

CHOICE, CRIMP CUT
PRINCE ALBERT
GIVES YOU A
RICH-TASTING SMOKE
THAT'S REAL EASY
ON YOUR
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THE
NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE

PRINCE ALBERT

GRAND
IN
PAPERS,
TOO!

Heide
CANDIES

JUJYFRUIT'S

5¢

I'm a rootin', tootin' cowboy
And I'm ridin' hard and fast
To make it to the candy store
While the JIJYFRUITS still last

HENRY HEIDE, INC. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Supple Sculpture CONTINUED



TWINING TRIO of acrobats are poised in a baffling attitude of suspended animation. The child in the middle rests snugly on locked arms of her partners.



DOVETAILED DUO of gymnasts were seen by Gross in a vaudeville act. A specialist in wood sculpture, he has used 30-odd varieties, did this in ebony.

new 2 in 1

**cooking -
refrigeration
combination**



GENERAL CHEF

saves space—saves dollars

Perfect for small kitchens, guest houses, hotels, apartments, motels, offices, schools, stores, home bars, shops and factories, hospitals, doctors' offices, resort cabins, etc. Needs only 4.1 sq. ft. of floor space. Fiberglas insulation. Tecumseh compressor. 5 year guarantee.

ALL-ELECTRIC GENERAL CHEF

Either two or three electric burners (110 or 220 volt), electric refrigeration with freezer and vegetable bin. ▶

GENERAL EXECUTIVE

Formica table-top refrigerator with flame grain mahogany finish, for offices, hotels, apartments, etc. Also available in gleaming white finish. ▶

See your local dealer or write direct for complete information, including prices and where-to-buy.



GENERAL

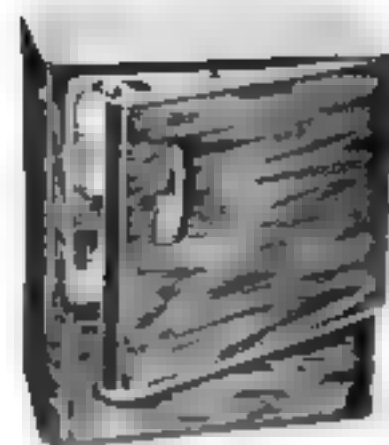
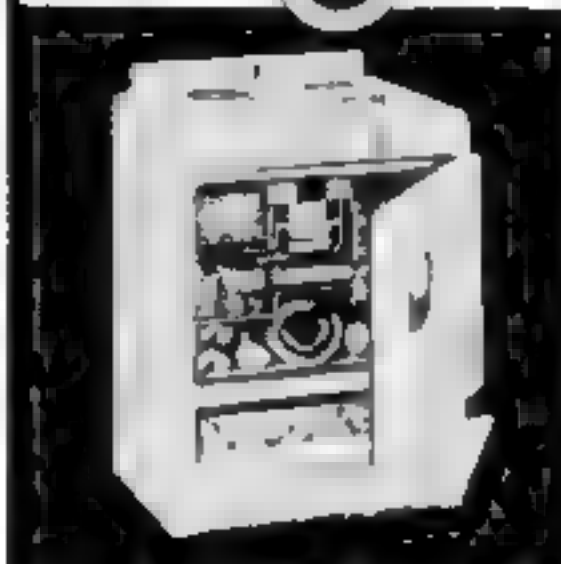
air conditioning corp. 4538 E. Dunham St., Los Angeles 23, Calif.

BUILDERS OF AMERICA'S FINEST BUDGET-PRICED REFRIGERATORS

GAS - ELECTRIC GENERAL CHEF

Four gas burners, electric refrigeration with freezer and vegetable bin.

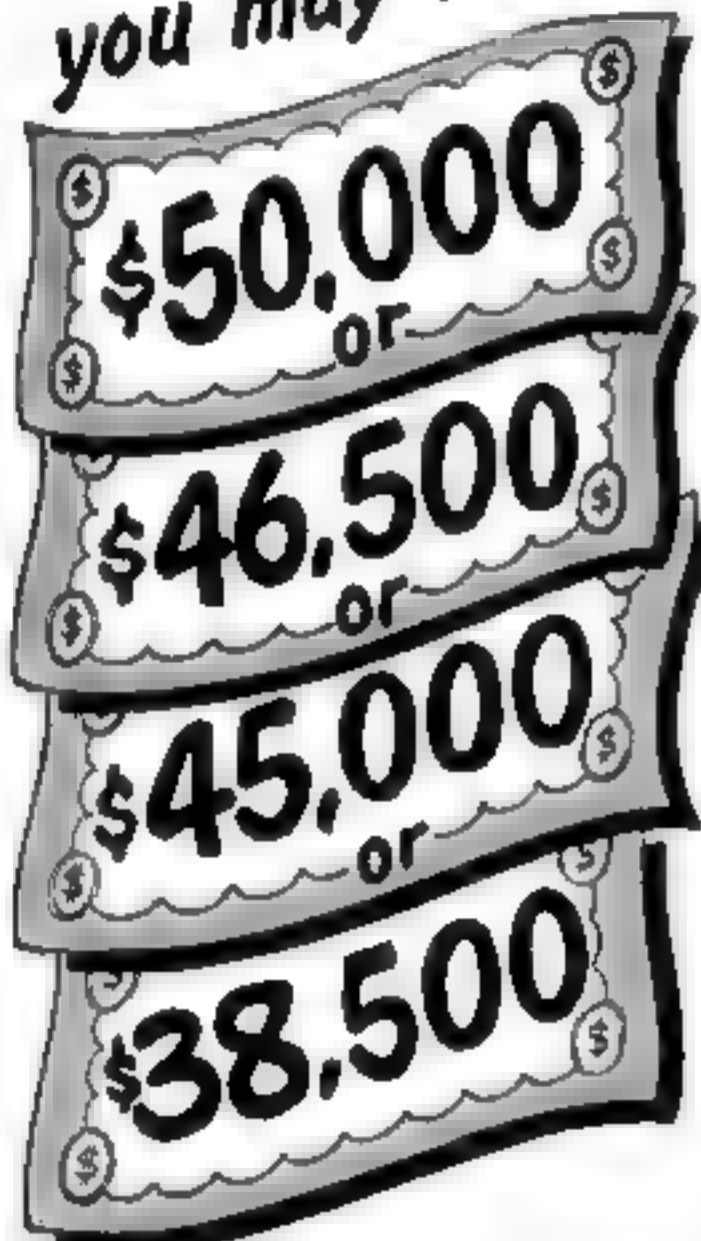
Approved for use with natural, manufactured, and L-P (bottled) gases.





\$1000

you may WIN:



SOLVE THE PUZZLE—1,002 PRIZES!

HERE it is!—the DAV's glorious 4th Annual Contest! And well it may be that the DAV's "4th" may mean *your independence!*

For now, after awarding a Quarter Million Dollars in cash prizes in previous DAV Contests, comes this great new contest with another *Hundred Thousand Dollars* in awards—and the opportunity for YOU to win \$50,000.00 or \$46,500.00 or \$45,000.00 or \$38,500.00 or any other one, two or combination of three cash awards among those listed on the page to the right.

WIN FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE!

Yes, just as others have won \$50,000.00 cash, and \$33,000.00 cash, and other huge sums (as well as smart new automobiles) in preceding DAV Contests, this new contest makes it possible for YOU to win new cash awards—huge enough to assure your financial independence and guarantee your freedom from money cares!

ACT ON THIS OPPORTUNITY NOW!

Grasp this opportunity today. See the Official Puzzle on page at the right. Read instructions carefully. Study the Sample Puzzle-Solution and explanation at lower left of puzzle. This same kind of puzzle brought wealth and fortune to others in previous DAV Contests. It may mean \$50,000.00 cash this time for YOU!

Send in your puzzle solution promptly. Put in your bid for your share of the \$100,000.00 that **MUST BE WON!**

**YOU MAY ALSO WIN
A BRAND NEW
1951 BUICK
convertible**



To become eligible for this extra award, your original entry must be postmarked before midnight, February 6, 1951. Your best solution (original or substitute) will then be judged in competition with those submitted by all other contestants who meet this deadline and who have not been awarded any other automobile as an extra prize. If it ranks highest (in case of ties, official contest rules apply) you will win a brand new 1951 Buick Convertible. In addition you may be one of the cash prize winners. So don't put it off—send in your entry now! Remember—if later you find you can improve your score, you may send in substitute solution free of extra cost.



\$100,000.00, now on deposit at the American Security and Trust Co., Washington, D. C. will be awarded in accordance with the instructions, official prize list and these rules:

1. Fill in your solution on puzzle form together with your name and permanent home address in Continental U.S. to which all contest mail will be sent.
2. Send with answer minimum donation to Disabled American Veterans Service Foundation of \$2.50 to enter Group 1; \$5 for Group 2; \$10 for Group 3. You may compete in any one, two or all 3 prize groups and may win a prize in each group. You may transfer from any group or groups to another (or others) by submitting required additional donation before deadline date. (See Rule 4.) Prize groups judged separately. Highest valid score in Group 1 wins first prize in Group 1, second highest wins 2nd prize, etc., until all prizes in Group 1 awarded. Prizes in groups 2 and 3 awarded similarly.
3. Ties are expected and if you are among those tied, you will be sent a series of five

tie-breaking puzzles to be solved, in which each succeeding puzzle will be judged only if ties still remain after preceding puzzle has been judged. Naturally, the tie-breakers, including more numerous objects, will be similar but more difficult and credit will be given for partial solutions. With one or more of the tie-breaking puzzles, we will supply object identifications. (NOTE: Only first tie-breaking puzzle had to be judged in two of previous DAV contests.) Prizes then awarded if no remaining ties—otherwise a second, third and fourth series (if needed) will be used. Time limit for solving tie-breakers will be no less than 14 nor more than 21 days from date of mailing for 1st tie-breaking series. Not less than 3 nor more than 7 days for 2nd, 3rd or 4th series (if needed). Release of tie-breakers in mails will be scheduled so they should reach all tied contestants on same day. In case of final ties, duplicate prizes awarded. No additional contributions required with tie-breakers.

4. Solutions must be submitted on an Official Entry Form and mailed and postmarked not later than March 31, 1951, and received by us before April 16. At no extra cost, you may send in one substitute solution on Official Numbered Substitute Solution Form which you will receive with acknowledgement of your entry. Should you fail to receive your acknowledgement

of entry within 30 days of the date you enter, you are required promptly to mail your request for a duplicate acknowledgement. You will also be supplied with an Official Claimed Score Card which you may later be required to submit. Where individual submits more than one entry only his or her highest valid score will be considered in group or groups in which that score is entered. An extra two months from the dates above (May 31 and June 16) will be allowed for substitute solutions and donations to transfer into other group or groups.

5. In solving puzzle, practically any word that fits may be used. Do not use any hyphenated word or form, prefix, suffix or combining form, abbreviation or contraction. Final word source authority is Merriam-Webster New International Dictionary, Unabridged, 2nd Edition (any printing from 1947 through 1951). With exceptions noted, any word is usable, including a word that appears only as part of a two or more word phrase or expression (like "suey" in "chop suey"), provided it actually appears as a complete word in bold-face type anywhere on any page within A-Z main alphabetical section of above dictionary. No plural or other inflectional form acceptable unless it appears in bold-face type. Names and definitions of the objects also covered by this entire rule.

**Fellow
Americans**

**HELP US TO
HELP OUR
DISABLED
VETERANS!**



The Trustees of the DAV Service Foundation are proud to report that out of the revenues raised in the first three DAVogram contests, the DAV has been enabled to extend to scores of thousands of deserving war-handicapped veterans (and to their dependents and to widows and orphans) sorely needed technical, vice, counsel and assistance to "help them to help themselves".

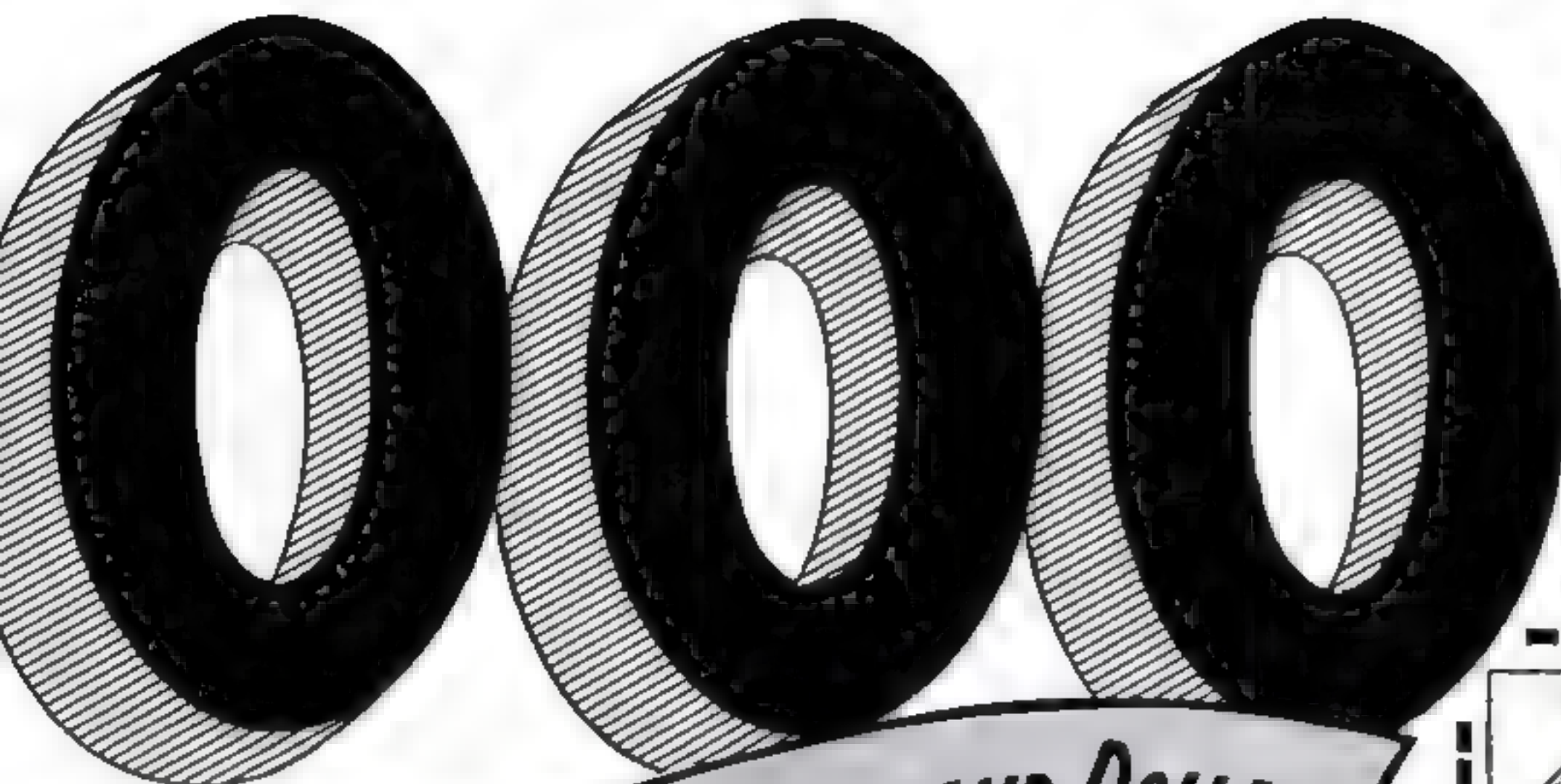
Yet much more is needed to support DAV's nation-wide service set-up to help rehabilitate America's three million wounded and disabled veterans. Their number is still increasing! They need help establish and prove legal entitlement, medical care, hospitalization, disability compensation and appropriate vocational training.

Your generosity is needed now more than ever. Our disabled veterans need DAV! The DAV needs the DAV Service Foundation! The Foundation needs your continued generous support.

And your generosity and skill may win you a fortune! So send in your contribution and your contest entry TODAY!

Sponsor will not enter into any individual correspondence about eligibility, words, but failure of contestants upon request to furnish correct page-source any questioned word may make said word inadmissible.

6. Contestant may not get help from a one (same family or household except who also may not get such help). Write of change of address. Not responsible for lost or delayed mail. Only one member a family may compete. Not eligible to enter are employees of ours or our agent anyone who has won \$500.00 or more any other contest prior to entering in contest, or members of families of persons. Sworn statements to this effect required from all winners and every reasonable effort will be made to enforce rule. Not open to members of the Armed Forces on active duty. We reserve right to reject any entry for non-compliance with the rules and to refund all money received with such entry. Unsigned or illegible entries will not be considered, and donations accompanying such entries will be returned upon request after judging is completed. A contestant will not receive more points than claimed nor more than earned. By entering you agree that our decisions and/or those of the Committee of Awards under the rules, are final. Address all correspondence to DAV Service Foundation, 4th Annual Contest, Washington 6, D. C.



Yes! ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

IN CASH PRIZES
to be awarded by the

DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS Service Foundation
New Contest! New Puzzle! ENTER TODAY!

3 Big Prize Groups - You May Win In Each Group

GROUP No. 1		GROUP No. 2		GROUP No. 3	
1st Prize	\$5,000.00	1st Prize	\$15,000.00	1st Prize	\$30,000.00
2nd Prize	\$1,500.00	2nd Prize	\$3,500.00	2nd Prize	\$7,500.00
3rd Prize	\$750.00	3rd Prize	\$1,750.00	3rd Prize	\$3,500.00
4th Prize	\$500.00	4th Prize	\$1,250.00	4th Prize	\$2,500.00
5th Prize	\$200.00	5th Prize	\$500.00	5th Prize	\$1,000.00
6th Prize	\$100.00	6th Prize	\$250.00	6th Prize	\$500.00
7th Prize	\$100.00	7th Prize	\$250.00	7th Prize	\$500.00
8th Prize	\$100.00	8th Prize	\$250.00	8th Prize	\$500.00
9th Prize	\$50.00	9th Prize	\$125.00	9th Prize	\$250.00
10th Prize	\$40.00	10th Prize	\$125.00	10th Prize	\$200.00
Next 20 Prizes, each \$25.00.....	\$500.00	Next 20 Prizes, each \$75.00.....	\$1,500.00	Next 20 Prizes, each \$150.00....	\$3,000.00
Next 50 Prizes, each \$15.00.....	\$750.00	Next 50 Prizes, each \$25.00.....	\$1,250.00	Next 50 Prizes, each \$50.00....	\$2,500.00
254 additional Prizes, each \$5.00.....	\$1,270.00	254 additional Prizes, each \$15.00.....	\$3,810.00	254 additional Prizes, each \$30.00.....	\$7,620.00
Total	\$10,860.00	Total	\$29,570.00	Total	\$59,570.00

GRAND TOTAL OF THIS OFFICIAL PRIZE LIST IS \$100,000.00

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS

1 Exactly identify each of the six objects at the top of the puzzle with a seven-letter word - 42 letters altogether—but in doing so use only 15 different letters of the alphabet (11 letters of the 26 in the alphabet not being used).

2 Each letter has a point value as set forth in the Table of Letter Values printed below the puzzle. If you have exactly identified the objects as instructed you will find that the total value of the 42 letters that spell out the names of the six objects is 961 points; otherwise one or more of your object identification words is not correct for the puzzle.

Now fill in your six identification words into the six shaded letter paths, each of which has space for seven letters. You may insert them in any arrangement you consider to your best advantage—however, each word must of course be correctly spelled and must read from left to right or from top to bottom.

You will now note there are 13 empty white squares remaining in the diagram. Now fill in those 13 white squares with 13 letters of your own choosing, so that by joining these letters with the interlocking letters you have already filled into the grey squares, you spell out extra, different, complete words (3 five-letter words and four four-letter words). Each of these 5 extra words, too, must read from top to bottom or from left to right.

Of course, it is easy to fill in 13 extra letters which in combination with the letters in the grey squares will spell out 5 extra different words (a total of 11 differently spelled words), but your job is to use 13 letters that will give you the highest possible score when the value of those 13 letters (as shown in the Table of Letter Values) is added to the 961 points you will have already earned if you identified the pictured objects correctly.

SEE SAMPLE PUZZLE BELOW AND READ HOW WE SOLVED IT!

DIAGRAM No. 1

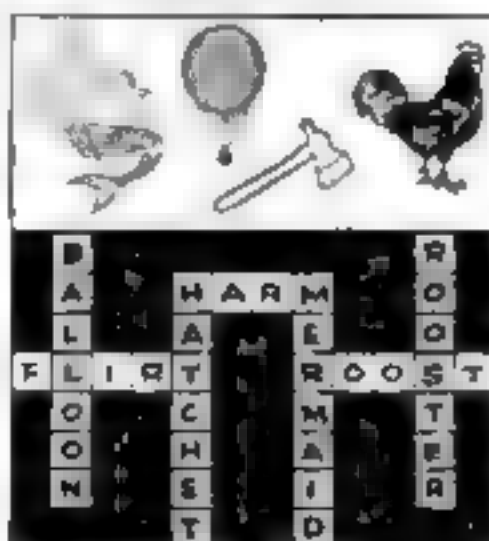


DIAGRAM No. 2



We have worked out below a typical puzzle to show you how to go about solving DAVogram puzzles of this kind, and we have also worked out alternate answers to get higher scores. Read below, then try your skill on the Official Puzzle.

First, we identified the objects pictured: MERMAID... BALLOON... HATCHET... ROOSTER... and then we added up the value of all the letters in the names of these four objects (using the table of letter values given for the Official Puzzle) and found the total was 724 points. Next, as you can see in Diagram No. 1, we filled in these four names in the four shaded paths and then added 8 extra letters which gave us three extra words: FLIRT... HARM... ROOST... These 8 extra letters which we had filled into the white squares had a total value of 195 points, thus giving us a total score of 919 points when added to the letters we had filled into the shaded squares.

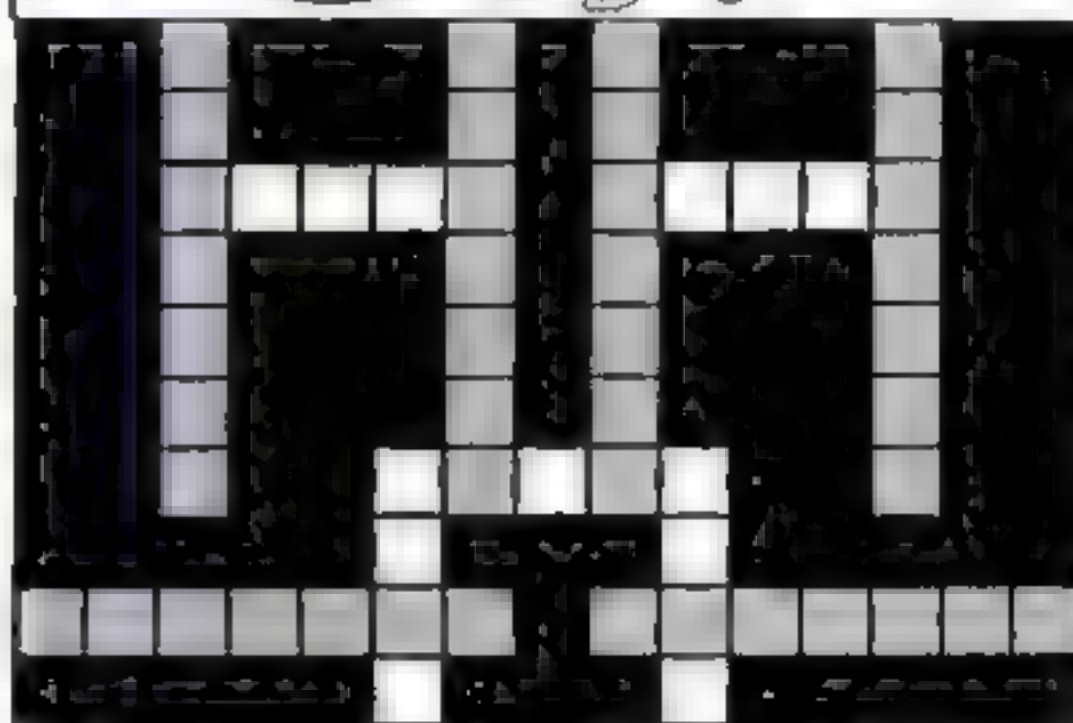
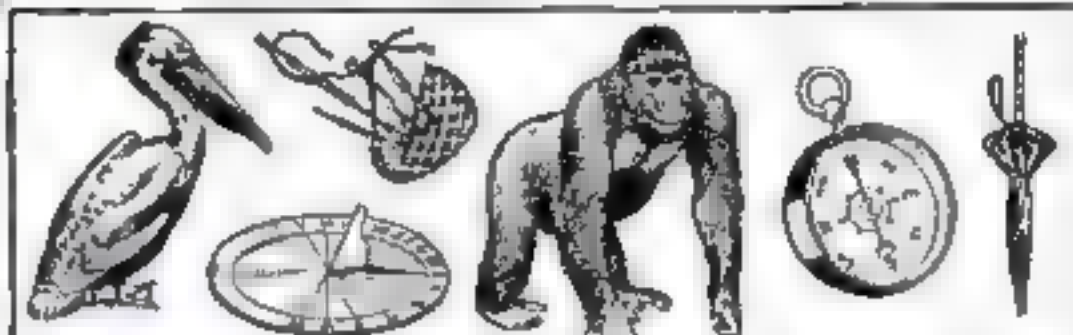
We felt we could do better by a little further work, so with some thought we changed our 8 extra letters and got three different extra words, as you can see in Diagram No. 2. We changed FLIRT to PLANT, HARM to HELM and ROOST to RINSE. We thus attained a total of 213 points for the 8 extra letters we filled into the white spaces, giving ourselves a total score of 937 points.

Of course these are only two possible solutions and perhaps we might have done even better by shuffling the four identified names around into different shaded letter paths. Now, if you get the idea, why not try your hand at the Official Puzzle.



This contest is sponsored by the DAV Service Foundation, which is the incorporated trusteeship for the Disabled American Veterans, chartered by special Act of Congress. We need your help and offer you this opportunity to win riches.

OFFICIAL PUZZLE & ENTRY FORM



Entire contents of this page copyright 1951 by DAV Service Foundation

TABLE OF LETTER VALUES

A-14	F-13	K-28	P-30	U-20
B-26	G-24	L-22	Q-16	V-18
C-15	H-35	M-23	R-34	W-31
D-27	I-25	N-29	S-19	X-17
E-32	J-11	O-21	T-33	Y-10
				Z-12

My Total Score is

POINTS

It is important that you be careful in adding your score. Mistakes may cause you to lose out. Enter right away, for you may improve your score by sending substitute solution later free of extra cost. YOU MUST SEND IN THE COMPLETE PUZZLE. DO NOT DETACH FROM THIS ENTRY FORM. MAIL TODAY!

To the DAV SERVICE FOUNDATION

\$100,000 4th Annual Contest
Dept. 300, Washington 6, D. C.

FULL LIST OF WINNERS WILL BE SENT TO ALL CONTESTANTS AFTER FINAL JUDGING

Please enter me in your Fourth DAVogram Puzzle Contest, for which I enclose entry fee contribution in the sum of \$ _____. I have filled in the diagram and my score above, obtained in conformance with the Official Contest Rules and Instructions. Please enter me for competition in the Prize Group or Prize Groups checked below:

- ☐ Prize Group No. 1, which requires \$2.50 contribution. (First Prize \$5,000.00)
- ☐ Prize Group No. 2, which requires \$5 contribution. (First Prize \$15,000.00)
- ☐ Prize Group No. 3, which requires \$10 contribution. (First Prize \$30,000.00)

Note: Donations should be made payable to the DAV Service Foundation. Please send check, money order or postal note only. Do NOT send cash.

NOTE: You may enter any one, two or all three prize groups depending on the amount donated. The following shows how a contestant can qualify for the various prize groups:
Group No. 1 (\$5,000.00 First Prize) \$2.50 contributed •
Group No. 2 (\$15,000.00 First Prize) \$5 contributed •
Groups No. 1 and 2 (\$20,000.00 combined first prize) \$7.50 contributed •
Group No. 3 (\$30,000.00 First Prize) \$10 contributed •
Groups No. 1 and 3 (\$35,000.00 combined first prize) \$12.50 contributed •
Groups No. 2 and 3 (\$45,000.00 combined first prize) \$15 contributed •
Groups No. 1, 2, and 3 (\$50,000.00 combined first prize) \$17.50 contributed •

It is understood you are to send me an Official Receipt for my entry and donation and an Official Substitute Solution Form on which I may submit (free of cost) a better score for the puzzle if I find I can improve my score any time prior to the final closing date for substitute solutions. (See Rule 4.) I have read the rules of the contest and agree to abide by them.

SIGNED

Name _____

Please Print Plainly

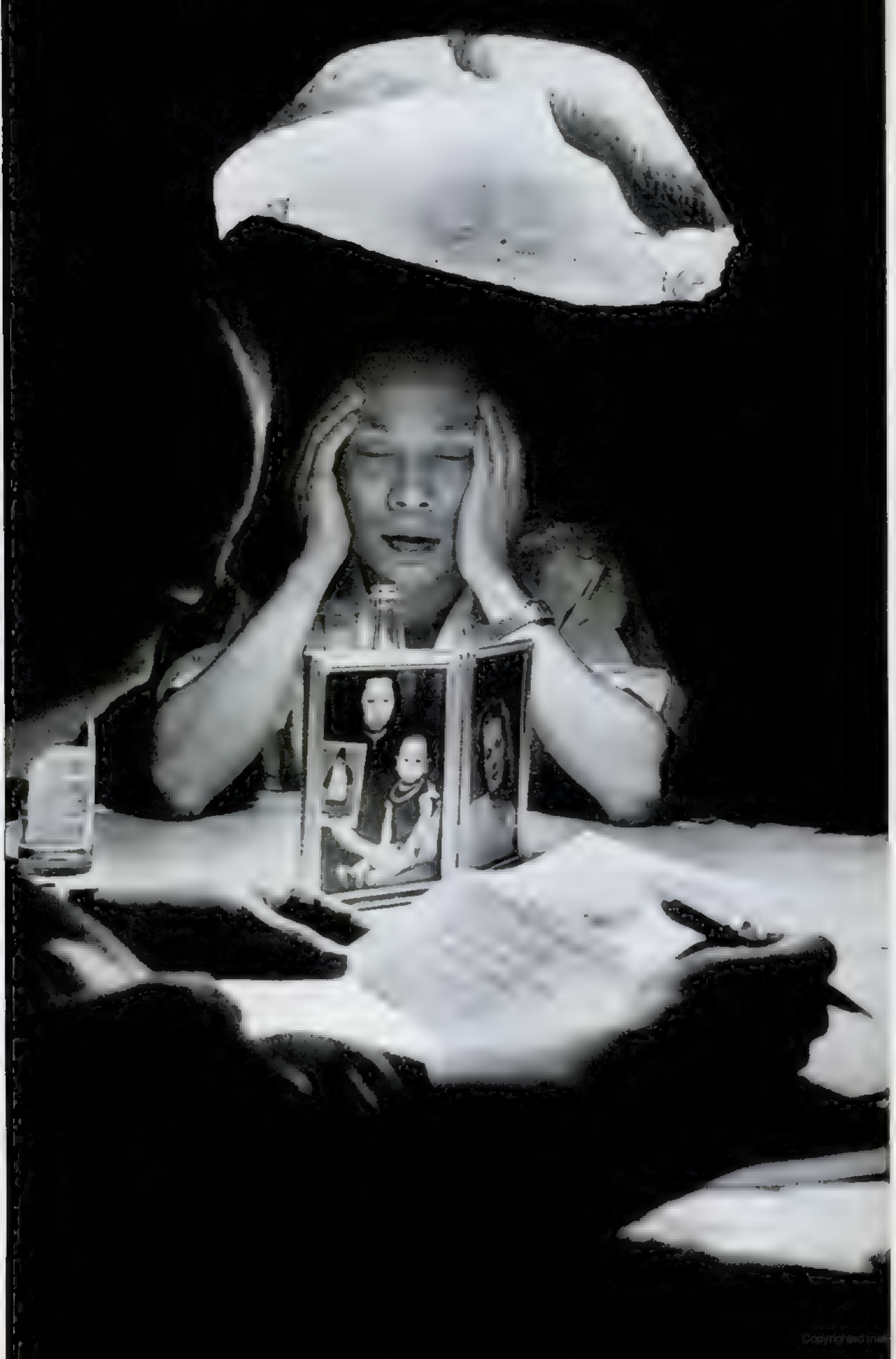
Address _____

City _____

State _____

If you have previously entered this 1951 DAV \$100,000.00 Puzzle Contest, DO NOT USE THIS FORM for submitting a substitute answer. Please be patient until you receive your Official Substitute Solution Form with your Official Entry Number (allow 2 to 4 weeks). Additional copies of this official puzzle and entry form will be sent free on request when accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope. (Address Dept. 500.)

TO BE ELIGIBLE FOR QUICK CONVERTIBLE, ENTER BY MIDNIGHT FEBRUARY 9, 1951



AMERICA'S CHINESE



BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION MEETS UNDER A PICTURE OF NATIONALIST CHIANG KAI-SHEK



UNDER A PICTURE OF COMMUNIST MAO TSE-TUNG, CHINESE YOUTH CLUB MAKES MUSIC

IN NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN, A CITY OF THEIR OWN, THEY BLEND THE CULTURES OF THE EAST AND WEST

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY LEONARD McCOMBE

Dried sea horse was selling at \$156 a pound in New York's Chinatown last week but a pair of well-dried lizards (one male and one female) could be bought for only \$2. In their private halls the tongs were functioning busily and incense burned in many houses. To hear tourist guides tell it, hatchetmen were lurking on corners, opium smokers dozed in most basements and for anyone to step into a dark doorway alone was to disappear forever. On the surface Chinatown was exotic, mysterious and a little squalid. But underneath it was an orderly, well-functioning community of ex-GIs, college students, wage earners and businessmen, one of some 13 such Chinatowns which house most of America's 90,000 Chinese.

Though in most ways they are thoroughly American, the Chinese in the U.S. are bound to the past by a culture that is strange to the West. As U.S. generations stretch out there are changes: a man stepping out for a pinch of sea horse for his grandmother's headache will pick

up an aspirin for his own. Yet most men of Chinese extraction are well-versed in the precepts of Confucius and can trace their family back for at least 25 generations. Their homeland has been at war for 19 years and for the young men there is a duty to send help to relatives they have never seen. For the old men there are even closer ties. Most of them, like Lee Foo (*opposite page*), set out to the U.S. "golden mountain" many years ago to make their fortunes, and they still hope against hope that they can bring their families after them. And the politics of China are ever present. It was the overseas Chinese whose contributions sent Sun Yat-sen back to China in 1911—he called them "mother of the Chinese revolution" which overthrew the Manchu dynasty. Today these Chinese are in an ambiguous position. Their homeland, whose people have for so long been friendly with America, is virtually at war with the U.S. In New York both Nationalist and Communist parties have their supporters (*above*). But the Nationalists

outnumber pro-Communists by nearly 99 to 1 and most of them are saving money for the day when a new "third movement" will sweep the regime of Mao Tse-tung into obscurity.

When New York City's Chinatown started to grow about 100 years ago, it was a noisy and raucous place. At the turn of the century it became a battleground for murderous wars between the powerful tong associations, the Hip Sing and On Leong tongs, which lasted as late as 1926. Now, quiet and orderly, it sits in an area a few blocks north of the Wall Street financial section, bounded on the east by the dirty Bowery and on the north by the Italian district. In its area of 10 small blocks live 5,000 Chinese who guide their community by their own rules and regulations, have their own nominal "mayor" and support their own relief organization. But the buildings are in such bad shape that the city may have to tear them down and rebuild them—a prospect that Chinatown, clinging to its old-world shabbiness, views with mixed feelings.

← FAR-AWAY FAMILY, a wife and two children still in Shanghai, is shown to friend by Lee Foo. He fought with U.S. Infantry in India, got himself discharged to join Chinese Nationalist army, was discharged in Chungking, is now a dishwasher in the U.S. Picture of Actress Maureen O'Hara was in frame when Lee Foo bought it.



IN TONG'S INNER CHAMBER was the first time
 Leon photographed his ally, the secretary. From
 Leon's first photograph, he learned that the

man was from the United States. Once a man
 had been identified, the first step was to
 know him, who found that the man was



OLD CHINESE CUSTOM of serving employes both lunch and supper while they are on the job is general in Chinatown. Here employes of a grocery store use

chopsticks to eat a meal that has been selected from the store's counters and prepared in the store's back room by the clerk who happens to be the best cook.

ALL IS BUSINESS, EVEN IN THE TONGS

Today Chinatown's tongs (meaning "clubs") are as peaceful as Rotary Clubs but they still play an important part in Chinatown's daily life. In the old days they started as fraternal organizations and degenerated into rackets. Today they function as business and social organizations which more or less regulate the lives and behavior of their members. The two most powerful are still the ones which fought the wars of the '20s, the On Leong and the Hip Sing (opposite page). The latter now has 3,000 members in New York alone. In Chinatown its territory is

Pell Street and Doyers Street while Mott and Bayard Streets are controlled by On Leong. Most Chinatown businessmen run restaurants, laundries and grocery stores in Chinatown or elsewhere in the city. Those who work outside commute back to Chinatown for weekends. There are Chinese importers (below), lawyers and doctors, but the Chinese dislike thinking of death and only one of them (below, right) has taken out a mortician's license in Chinatown. His neighbors like Chin On (above, right), prefer to think about happier things, like kites.



BORN IN CHINA, Lee Toy Kin, 60, was brought to the U.S. by uncle when he was 16 years old and is now a prosperous merchant dealing in Chinese groceries.



BORN IN THE U.S., Peter Lee, 32, Lee Toy Kin's cousin, is a Columbia graduate who now runs a prosperous tea company and specializes in American groceries.



GENTLE KITE-FLYER Chin On, 80, goes to roof every Sunday, whistles for wind and sails his graceful kite, which reminds him of boyhood on China's plains.



LONELY MORTICIAN whose son was killed in World War II is avoided by Chinatown citizens on New Year's lest they have to wish him a prosperous year.



CHINATOWN IS FULL OF OLD MEN

Chinatown is full of single men and most of them are over 50. They left their villages in China years ago, expecting to return with a fortune, marry and raise a family. Now most of them live in Chinatown's dark tenements where the cold water tap yields only a trickle and there is no hot water at all. Others who live outside come in on weekends to visit their friends, share their crowded apartments and often have to take

turns using their beds. On these days Chinatown's population is almost doubled, and the old men sit around and talk or meet in small tea and coffee shops to watch the interminable games of Mah Jong, poker and fan-tan, puffing the pipes brought from China (smoking not opium but cheap American tobacco). Most of the old men speak nothing but Chinese. Young ones can still speak it but use English more,

FOUR CARD PLAYERS sit under a low-slung light and play poker in Mott Street back room. Another favorite is "Fifteen Points," played with long, thin cards.



WITH PIPE that he brought from China 52 years ago, a lonely old man sits on mats and dreams of the past. He shares this small apartment with 25 other men.



TWO YOUNG MEN, both Army veterans, sit before a bilingual Coke sign. They do a good business importing Chinese vegetables from their New Jersey farm.



WITH BELOVED CANARIES, his only possession, Cong Ying, 72, spends his happiest moments every day. On weekends he shares his apartment with 11 other men and his army cot with two in shifts. Below: he reads a paper and waits his turn for bed.





IN HIS RESTAURANT Chin Dui Toy (standing at left) watches group of tourists try Chinese food. They have been brought to his place by the Rev. Louis Buchheimer of Chinatown's True Light Lutheran Church, which has a Chinese congregation.



IN CHIN'S HOME Mrs. Chin observes anniversary of her father-in-law's death by placing a whole boiled chicken, oranges, tea and chopsticks before picture of Buddha.



IN CHIN'S HOUSE, which is nicer than most houses in Chinatown, his daughter Snow, 9, makes her bed while her sister Marcella, 25, sleeps late. Chin also has four sons, one married, one at New York University, one at Rutgers and one who is an artist.



IN ONE-ROOM APARTMENT over a Chinatown billiard hall lives Mrs. Fong Lai, five children and her husband, who is an ex-GI. Married for many years, Fong Lai was finally able to bring her here from China under terms of the War Brides Act.

FAMILY MEANS EVERYTHING

In the last depression when the relief rolls were crowded in New York City, a relief official was struck with an extraordinary fact. The lists were full of names of almost every nationality—except Chinese. To the people of Chinatown, who have always felt a heavy responsibility for the members of their own families, this appeared quite natural. Every family has its own organization called a Kung Saw to which all members of the family who are able contribute. When any member is in trouble he can turn to the Kung Saw for help. Then the family feeds him and tries to find him a job.

Family feeling is the most important thing in the life of Chin Dui Toy, 58, who runs the Rice Bowl Restaurant on Mott Street. Chin came to this country in 1908 with \$5 in his pocket and is now worth more than \$100,000. His restaurant (above, left) is merely a satisfactory means of making a living and although he painstakingly checks the amount of rice he buys and the menus he prints he is never really happy until he comes home. Once there, as though in another world, he plays with his children who, like the young boy on the opposite page, have been completely Americanized by the New York public school system. When he is not with his children Chin works on a project which takes up all the rest of his spare time, a six-foot hull of coral rock in his back yard. He has decorated this rock with a whole series of little pagodas, stairs, terraces and tiny houses. So far this work has taken Chin Dui Toy two years and he is in no hurry to finish. As long as he works on his rock garden he can feel almost a part of a land he no longer wants to go back to but still likes to remember.

AT HIS DESK IN P.S. 23, VICTOR MOY, 8, CONTEMPLATES A GLOBE. HE HAS 16 BROTHERS AND SISTERS →





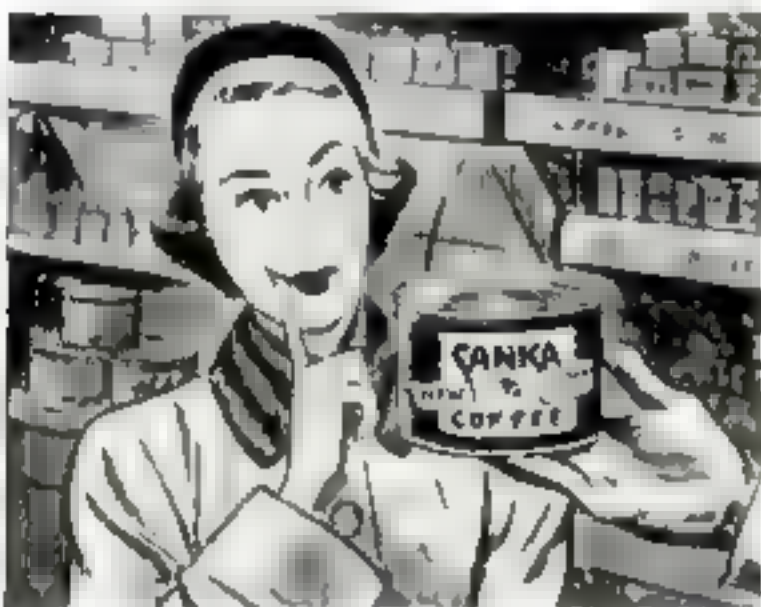
Is coffee coffee coffee
making you nag nag nag?



1. When sweet dispositions turn sour, there's a reason. Often it's the sleep that's lost at night—making folks nervous, on edge, quick to scold!



2. Frequently—behind that "wrong-side-of-the-bed" irritability is the caffeine in coffee. That sleep-robbing, nerve-tensing caffeine!



3. Should you cut down on coffee—or deprive yourself of its rich goodness altogether? Or is there a way to have your coffee and your sleep, too?



4. There is! There's Sanka—as fine a coffee as you've ever tasted—with only the demon caffeine removed. No more toss-and-turn nights—with Sanka!



5. And no more nerve-jangling days with Sanka Coffee! It's 97% caffeine-free—100% delicious! You can drink cup after cup without a worry—without losing a wink of sleep. Start every day right—and keep it that way—with Sanka!



Sanka
Coffee

Real coffee with the worry taken out.
Drink it and sleep!



Products of General Foods



JANICE KICKED HIGH IN CHORUS OF "MISS LIBERTY" ON BROADWAY

THE FIRST STEPS UP A FAMILIAR LADDER

Janice Rule dances and smiles her way from Glen Ellyn, Ill. to Hollywood, Calif.



FIRST MOVIE ROLE for Janice is alongside Joan Crawford in forthcoming film version of 1948's Broadway hit, *Goodbye, My Fancy*. This is her first acting role; all her previous performances have been as a dancer.



WHILE SPENDING CHRISTMAS VACATION AT HOME WITH HER FAMILY IN ILLINOIS, SHE SHOWS OFF A FEW OF HER DANCE FIGURES IN THE LIVING ROOM

A mainstay in Hollywood in its present critical time is the "family picture," a pleasant, innocuous affair which shows the girl next door getting into a group of minor tizzies before she ends up in the safe arms of the boy from down the street. It is not so easy to find a girl for such roles. She has to look thoroughly sweet and wholesome, yet project the kind of personality on the screen which promises the audience something more than they usually associate with any next-door neighbor. On LIFE's cover and on these pages is one recent answer to the problem. She is the ingenue in a new Warner Brothers film, a 19-year-old, Midwestern girl named Janice Rule. Janice has climbed the conventional ladder. She was raised in a small town (Glen Ellyn, Ill.), got the urge for show business early, danced in Chicago, then in New York (at the Copacabana and in three Broadway musicals), came to Hollywood to be screen-tested, and now she is an actress, ready to smile her way into the hearts of the whole family.



SCREEN TEST at Warner Brothers studio puts Janice through a scene from *Goodbye, My Fancy*. Her part is that of a college president's daughter, which calls mostly for a sweet, ingenuous look but has one big and tearful dramatic scene.



HER FACE proves to be her fortune as she goes through interview test. This is a few feet of film shot as she is giving her name and a few vital statistics. The appealing smile was enough for Warner Brothers, who signed her up forthwith.

Emotion swept them like a tidal wave!



She snares the man her best friend loves
...with kiss...with cunning...with claw!

LIZABETH SCOTT
JANE GREER • DENNIS O'KEEFE

in

The Company She Keeps

Produced by JOHN HOUSEMAN • Directed by JOHN CROMWELL
Story and Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS

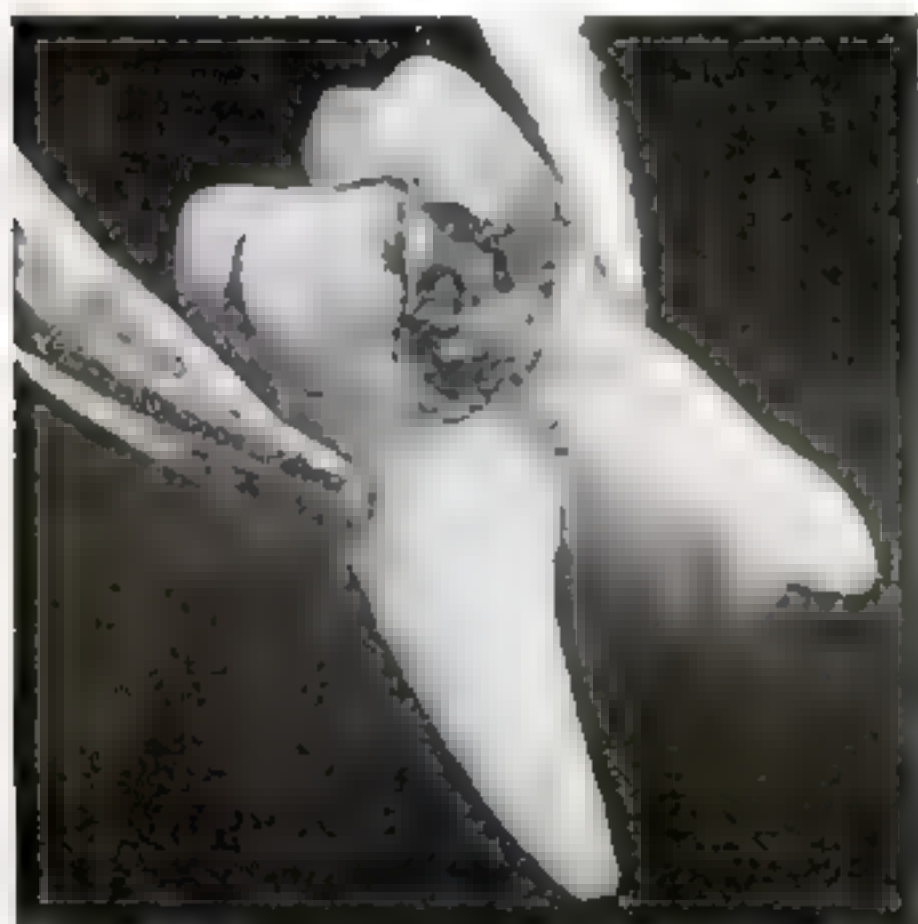


TOOTH POWDER TEST is made by Walpole, Mass. schoolgirl in her classroom. By giving test dentifrice to some children, not to others, its effectiveness is measured.



TOOTH DECAY

MOST PREVALENT AILMENT ATTACKS TOUGHEST PART OF MAN'S BODY

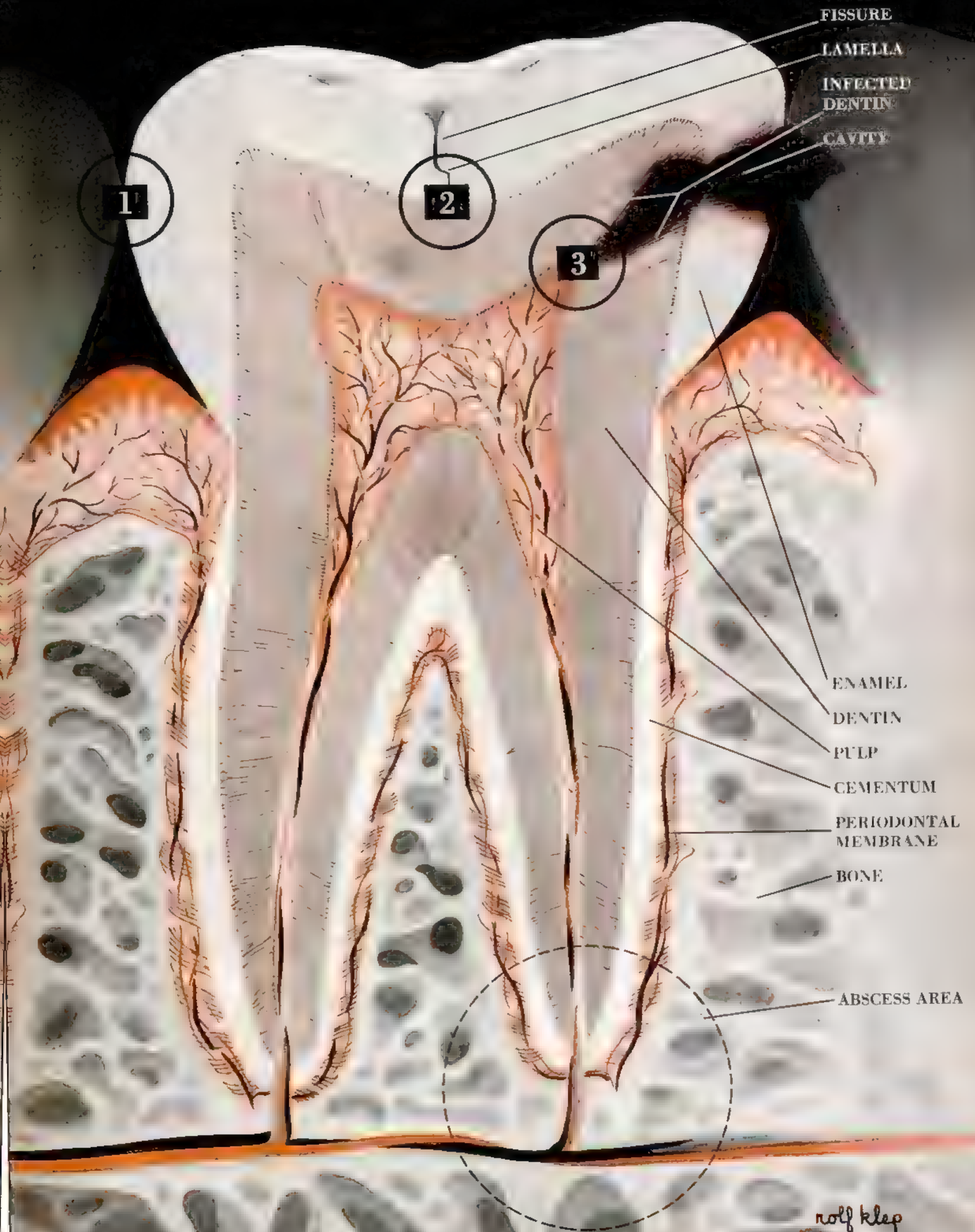


EXTRACTED MOLAR has a patch of black decay on side where it pressed on neighboring tooth.

The two rows of highly specialized teeth which man inherits from his forest-dwelling ancestors are the hardest parts of the human skeleton. They remain intact years after death when the bones have turned to dust. Yet in life these superstrong structures are the most perishable in the whole human anatomy: for they alone among all organs are ravaged by a never-ending process of decay.

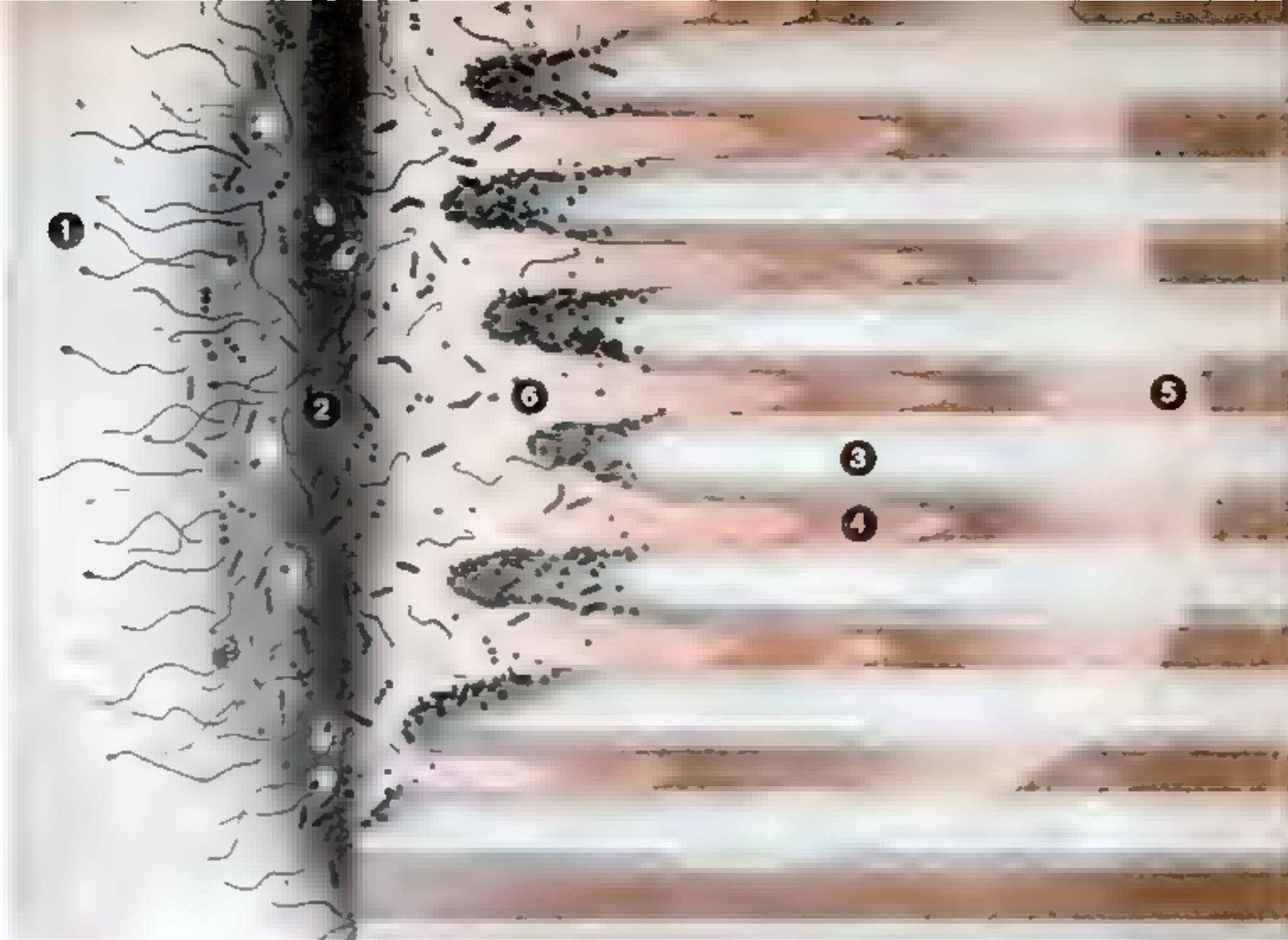
Dental decay is a product of civilization, sustained by refined diet. It is America's most prevalent ailment, afflicting 93% of U.S. citizens and costing them almost a billion dollars annually in dentists' bills. It is also one of the few major ailments which cannot yet be prevented. But today its complex mechanism is understood (next page), and from this understanding may come the long sought preventative.

In the search for a sure remedy many chemicals have been concocted and tested. A few have shown promise. Fluorine compounds help to protect children's teeth. Improved ammoniated dentifrices may be able to reduce decay. Penicillin tooth powder seems to be effective but is now available on prescription only because of possibly harmful side effects. But none of the supposedly decay-reducing pastes and powders now sold over the counter has fully proved its claim to the American Dental Association, the official arbiter in dental affairs. The best advice the A.D.A. can give at the moment is this: visit your dentist regularly for checkups and treatment; brush your teeth after every meal; use a dentifrice to clean the teeth (baking soda will do the job as well as anything), and avoid too much refined sugar in your diet.



HOW DECAY DESTROYS TEETH

How a tiny spot of decay can eat its way through a tooth until it becomes a troublesome cavity is shown in the sectional drawing of a molar which appears on the opposite page and in the detailed drawings on this page. This tooth is decayed in three places. The smallest cavity (1 on opposite page and shown in detail at right) has just begun to form at the meeting point of two teeth. Almost a third of all cavities start at this spot because toothbrush bristles cannot reach it. Another small cavity has appeared in the bottom of the narrow fissure (2 opposite and in detail below) that is always found between the fused segments of a molar. In the largest cavity (3 opposite and in detail bottom, right) decay has eaten almost through the tooth's shell of enamel and dentin, and bacterial infection has reached the pulp. This infection will soon spread to the root and produce an abscess. Then the tooth may have to be pulled.

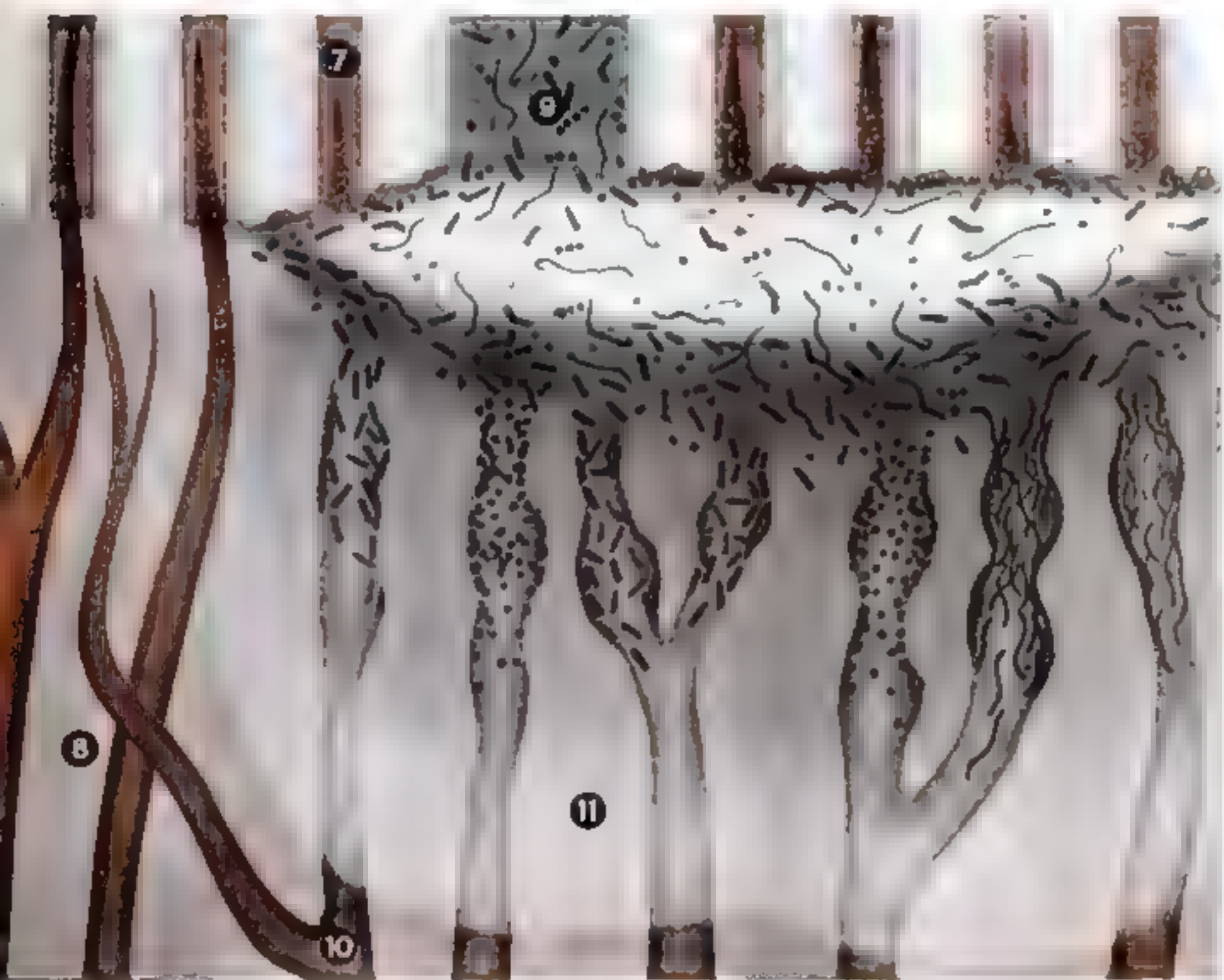


ACID ATTACKS ENAMEL

1 The tiniest cavity shown on the opposite page is magnified several thousand times in the drawing above, which shows how the cavity grows. Where teeth touch each other, infinitesimal growths of fungus 1 and an invisible jellylike layer of bacteria and decomposed food 2 become lodged against the enamel surface. The bacteria produce corrosive acids. The tooth's outer layer consists of hard prism-shaped enamel rods 3 with a cementing substance 4 between. The acid eats away the cement more rapidly than it does the rods. As it soaks far into the tooth, it may carry with it some dissolved calcium, which is deposited there as a white, brittle sheet 5 and later destroyed as the cavity continues to grow. Meantime some bacteria 6 have attached themselves to the enamel rods, and their acids have begun to eat the rods away.

GERMS ENTER CREVICE

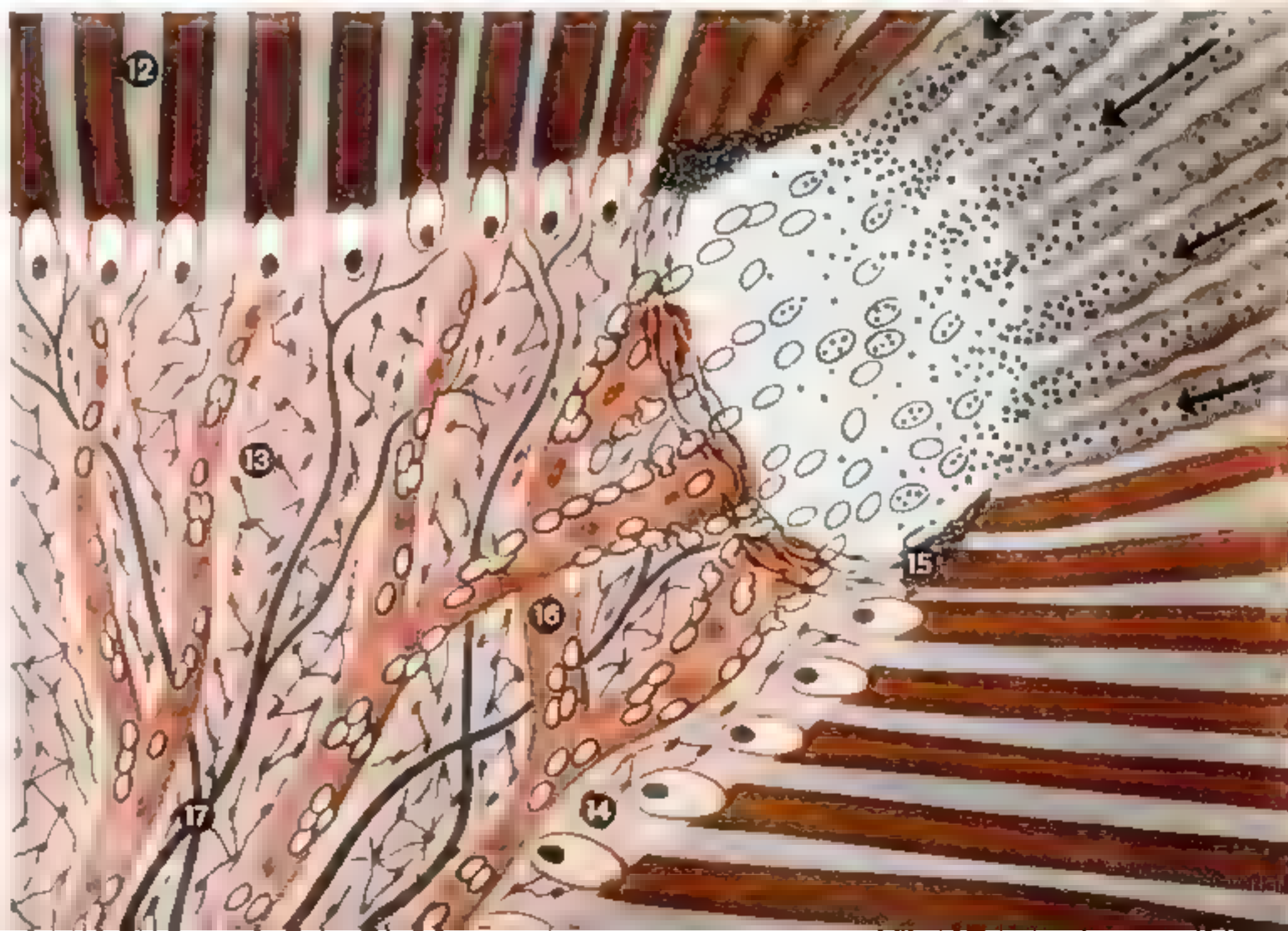
2 Molar teeth are made up of several segments which are fused together as a single mass. Between the enameled faces of the segments is a tiny protein-filled crevice that extends down through the enamel 7 to the bone-like layer of dentin 8. Sometimes protein-destroying bacteria attack the crevice 9 and work down through it, leaving an open passageway for acid-producing bacteria to start the process of decay in the dentin underneath the enamel. The acid from the bacteria dissolves the dentin itself very slowly, but the bacteria can penetrate rapidly through channels in the dentin called tubules 10. Eventually they will break down the walls of the tubules and enlarge the main cavity by destroying the acid-logged dentin 11. Submerged decay that starts like this can gut the entire tooth and leave only a fragile, hollow shell.



INFECTION REACHES PULP

3 When a cavity is allowed to grow large, decay works its way through tubules in the dentin 12 and extends to the central pulp of the tooth 13. Only the tiny streptococcus bacteria (shown coming down corroded tubules at upper right) seem to be involved in this deeplying destruction. Other acid-producing bacteria apparently do no harm here. The germs break into the pulp chamber, destroying all the odontoblasts—the dentin-forming cells 14—in their path and corroding away barriers of secondary dentin 15 which have grown up to resist them. Inside the chamber they may be contained temporarily by an encompassing wall of fibrous pulp cells which grow around the infection (white area). Within this enclosed area are white blood cells which have escaped from congested blood vessels nearby 16 and slipped through the fibrous barrier to eat up the bacteria. The nerves 17 detect the encroaching decay and send signals of pain to the brain. If left unattended, the infection will spread throughout the pulp, finally reaching the roots and eventually destroying the whole tooth.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



BIG MONEY WINNERS

of the
3rd Annual DAV \$100,000.00 Contest

SPONSORED BY THE
**DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS
SERVICE FOUNDATION**



"CONGRATULATIONS AND THANKS to the winners and everybody who entered our Third Annual DAV Service Foundation puzzle contest. Your contributions have benefited a cause which merits the full support of all sincere and grateful Americans."

GENERAL FRANK T. HINES
(Former Administrator of Veterans Affairs)

HERE are the top cash winners! A complete list of winners will be mailed to all entrants. A free copy of the circular, giving full details about the contest and biographies of major winners, will be mailed to anyone on request. Just send postcard to DAV Service Foundation, Dept. L, Washington 6, D. C.

1 ROBERT AXELROD—Culver City, California
WON \$50,000.00 IN CASH!
FIRST PRIZE IN GROUPS 1, 2 and 3

2 GRANT E. HECKENLIVELY—Sioux Falls, South Dakota
WON \$12,500.00 IN CASH!
SECOND PRIZE IN GROUPS 1, 2 and 3

3 MISS JEAN CHARLES—New York, N. Y.
WON \$6,000.00 IN CASH!
THIRD PRIZE IN GROUPS 1, 2 and 3

ABOUT 475 CONTESTANTS WERE AWARDED THE 1,002 CASH PRIZES TOTALING \$100,000, AND TWO AUTOMOBILES AS PROMPTNESS PRIZES.

*You, too, may be a
WINNER!*

IN THE 4th ANNUAL
**BIG NEW \$100,000
CASH PRIZE CONTEST**

See DAV Contest Advertisement
in this issue!

COMING: Another big new cash prize contest, with hundreds of prizes! You may win as much as \$50,000.00. Others have won... why not you? It's easy... look for the new big D.A.V. CONTEST advertisement in this issue... and try your skill—you may win a fortune!

INTRODUCING...AMERICA'S ONLY
**Perspiration
Odor Resistant
NYLONS**

Now your daintiness assured all day long. Bouquet Stockings exquiritely sheer odor resistant for at least 25 washings. Every pair gives you double value—stunning beauty plus flower freshness. Bouquet Nylons are as essential as your daily bath. Write for dealer's name. Viking Hosiery Co., Empire State Bldg., New York 1.

Bouquet
by Viking

"Always Flower Fresh"

**GREATER
BREATHING
COMFORT**

Just a whiff of this handy Vicks Inhaler makes cold-stuffed nose feel clearer in seconds! Use it any time... anywhere.

Vicks Inhaler

Use as often as needed

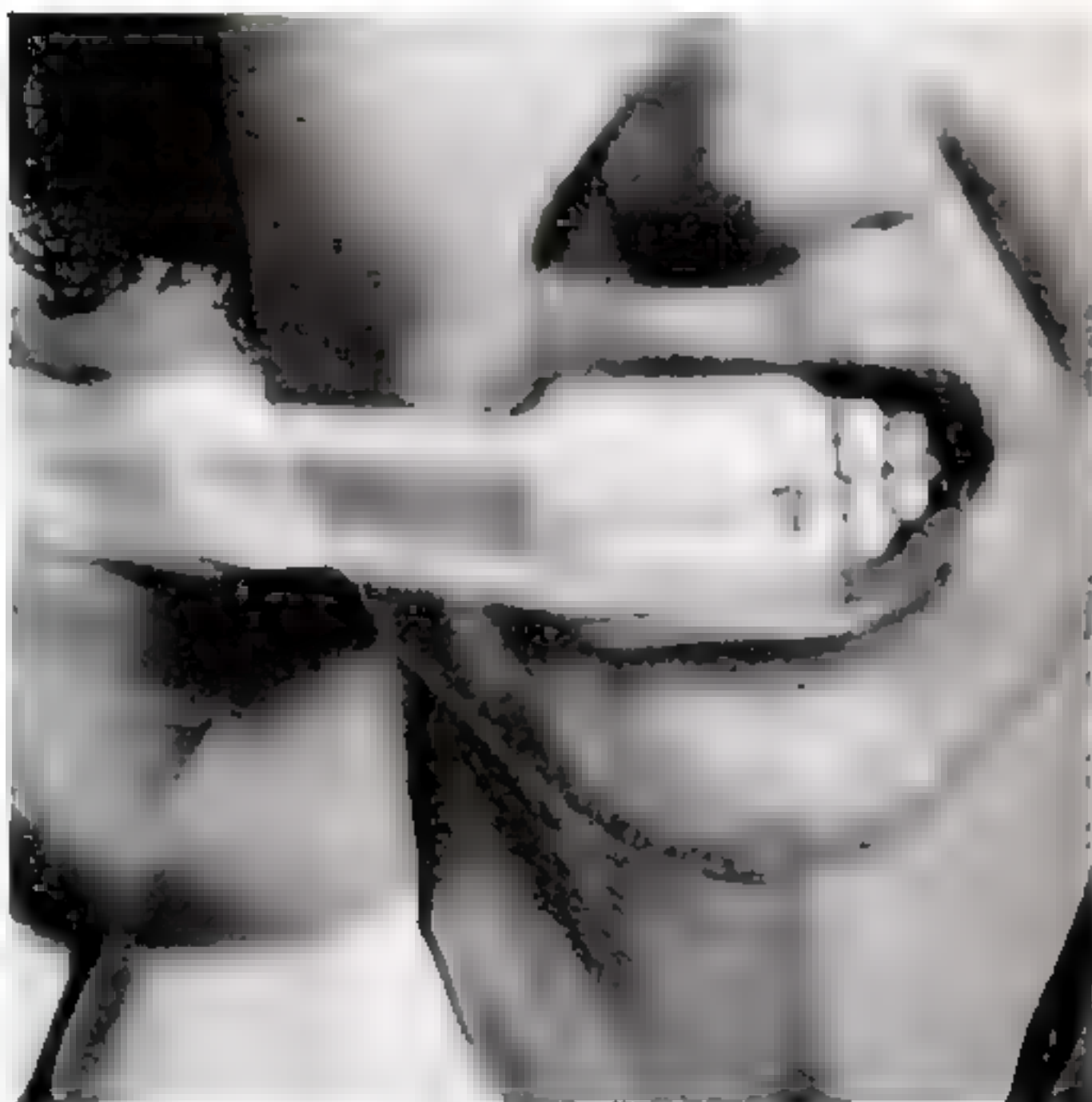
MAJORITY VOTE
more than half the
nation reads
LIFE
in the course of 13 weeks.

**Get Relief
QUICKER**
From Your Cough
Due to a Cold

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar
Cough Compound



EFFECTS OF SUGAR on teeth is shown in this comparison of two rat jaws. The healthy jaw at right is that of an adult animal that was raised on a sugar-free diet. The one at left, with badly decayed teeth, comes from a rat which was fed refined sugar as part of its diet. This experiment, made at Northwestern University, offers scientific verification that sugar can seriously damage teeth.



CIRCULAR BRUSHING, shown in time exposure, is a good method. Horizontal scrubbing polishes but does not remove food particles between teeth.

Life can be so wonderful for them...

See how
it pays
to nourish
EVERY INCH
of your dog

BONES
Clear

NATURE
Bright

BODY
Sound

COAT
Shiny

LEGS
Sturdy

if you nourish **EVERY INCH** of them with Gaines!


Today—as that precious dog of yours stands at the threshold of a brand-new year—just think! How easily you can make his life a wonderful one, full of happiness for him—and you.


It is *you* who can put real joy in his heart. It is *you* who can put pep and play in his paws. Muscle and strength, sound bones and teeth, a


glorious coat . . . it is *you* who can give him all these. Yes, red-blooded health from head to tail comes from expert care and feeding.

Start him on Gaines this very day. Nourish **EVERY INCH** of him. In Gaines—America's largest-selling dog food—there's every type of nourishment that dogs are known to need.

ALL THIS NOURISHMENT IN EACH POUND OF GAINES!

 As much body-building proteins as there are in 1½ pounds fresh beef—and as much of the B-complex vitamins thiamine and riboflavin as there are in ½ pounds beef.

 As much calcium and phosphorus for strong bones and teeth and as much essential niacin as in 7 qts. Grade-A milk. As much fat as in 1½ ozs. of fresh creamery butter.

 As much protective vitamin A as in 1 pound garden-fresh tomatoes—as much iron as in 7 pounds fresh liver—and as much food energy as in 1¼ loaves of whole-wheat bread.

Gaines **DOG FOODS**

**"Nourish
Every Inch of
Your Dog"**

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GIVE UP TO 60%

—for Gaines costs less to feed than any other type of dog food!

AND SAVE EVEN MORE

BY BUYING GAINES IN THE BIG ECONOMY 25-LB. AND 50-LB. BAGS. NOW AT YOUR GROCER'S!

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DRIVEN FROM HOME BY THE NOISE, PERRY AND BECKY ARE THOROUGHLY DOUSED WITH FLOUR. BECKY IS STILL IN HER BATHROBE

Life Goes to a Charivari

"SHIVAREE" SNARES NEWLYWEDS



CHARIVARI CALL is given by candy shopkeeper.

For generations the people of Salem, Ind. have been following an old French custom, still preserved in some parts of the Midwest, of giving newlyweds a rowdy surprise party which the French spell "charivari" and Americans pronounce "shivaree." In Salem the charivari may take place any time from the wedding night itself to two or three years afterward, and most young couples expect to undergo it sooner or later. Sometimes it can get very rough, and the Indiana countryside abounds with fearful legends of former charivaris. There was one bridegroom who was thrown into a water-filled

quarry in midwinter and died a few days later of pneumonia; there was another, being ridden on a rail, who fell off and gave his head such a knock that, neighbors said, he was never quite the same again. Whatever happens at a charivari, the bridegroom is always expected to stand treat for his victimizers, preferably by having cigars and refreshments available at his house. Otherwise the crowd will haul him off to a local tavern and force him to foot the whole bill for food and drink. Because of the uncertain nature of the charivari, many brides keep a set of old clothes by their bed until the fatal night arrives, just in case.

The charivari given to Salem's Perry and Becky Link one night two months after their marriage resulted in no injuries but it seemed pretty frightening at the time. It began with their house being invaded by noisy friends who pushed them out the door, put them through a couple of hectic hours and extracted the necessary treat of popcorn and cigars before letting them go back to bed which, having had its slats removed, collapsed.



FUN STARTS BY LINK HOME WITH PAN-BANGING AND SHOOTING



AFTER BEING DRIVEN TO CENTER OF TOWN, THE COUPLE IS DUMPED INTO TRAILER AND CEREMONIOUSLY HAULED AROUND SQUARE

**DOES MORE THAN
LAZY
LAXATIVES**



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

**not only relieves constipation
but accompanying acid
indigestion, too!**



THREE TABLESPOONFULS FOR CONSTIPATION! When irregularity troubles you, you need Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—need it because Phillips' does more than lazy laxatives which simply relieve constipation. For Phillips' also relieves the acid indigestion which frequently accompanies constipation! Therefore Phillips' gives you more complete relief—relief that leaves you feeling just wonderful!

ONE TABLESPOONFUL FOR ACID UPSET! When over-indulgence causes upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other symptoms of acid indigestion, take Phillips' as an antacid. It's one of the fastest, most effective excess stomach acid neutralizers known! Brings relief almost instantly.

LIQUID PHILLIPS' AVAILABLE IN 75¢, 50¢ and 25¢ BOTTLES
PHILLIPS' TABLETS IN \$1.00, 50¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

Want your socks
to last a long time?

**Wear
LONG LIFE
Guaranteed
HOSIERY**

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping

*Wear 3 pairs for
3 months. If, for
any reason you're
not satisfied, you
get new pairs free!

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**RICH OPPORTUNITY
FOR MEN IN THEIR 50's!**

Make money without leaving the fascinating occupation. No investment needed. 150 of our men made \$500 to \$1,000 in one month—many just beginners. Actual certified earnings: Lt. F. Heckman, \$104 first 2 hours; D. A. Crowley, \$224 first day. Incomes listed are exceptional. Earnings paid immediately. Write today.
PLANTER CO., P.O. Box 711, Dept. L, Fort Worth 1, Texas

**T-N-T
POPCORN
pops in any pan**

Cold Sufferers!

**DOCTORS
REPORT
MENTHOL
BRINGS
RELIEF**



Doctors Agree:

"Menthol is important in relieving colds." For fast relief, get the cough drop with the most menthol.



5¢

Charivari CONTINUED



BECKY RIDES in wheel barrow pushed by Perry. If victims submit willingly to indignities, they are let off fairly easily. Links behaved like good sports.



PERRY RIDES on rail, gets tossed up and down a couple of times for good measure. He was almost dumped into creek. Water was cold so he was spared.



PARTY ENDS with Perry and Becky handing out popcorn. Friends at left, who planned party, will be married this spring. Then Links can get back at them.



Nothing else
quite takes
its place

To the man who knows good whiskey,
there is no substitute for "the real
thing."

Among bourbons, especially bonded
bourbons, that is Old Grand-Dad.

It goes into the aging casks a superior
bourbon, well and carefully distilled
from choice grains.

It emerges a superior bond, mellowed,
ripened, recognized for its top quality.

You can serve another bourbon and
perhaps save a few cents.

But you will not quite get the same
appreciation from your guests as when
you bring out Old Grand-Dad—long
known as Head of the Bourbon Family.

That tells everyone you know top
quality—and serve it.

*The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company,
Frankfort, Ky.*

OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY



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1886



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Through 65 years

Inviting you to the pause that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola.

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